

A profusional
COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS and HYMNS,
ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS,
FOR
Public and Private Worship.

Designed for the Congregation of
NORTHAMPTON CHAPEL.

By WILLIAM TAYLOR, A. M.

Fellow of MAGDALEN-COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE; and
Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Marchmont.

AND

By HERBERT JONES,

Chaplain to the MISERICORDIA HOSPITAL.

*Of sing unto the LORD a new Song; for he hath done
MARVELLOUS THINGS; his right Hand, and his holy
Arm, hath gotten him the Victory. Psalm xcvi. 1.*

*Let every Thing that hath Breath, praise the LORD.
Psalm cl. 6.*

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by J. W. PASHAM, in Black-Friars;
and at NORTHAMPTON CHAPEL, Spa-Fields. 1777.

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 How glorious the LAMB
 How heavy is the night
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 How happy are the souls above
 How blest is the season
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I.

I am, saith CHRIST, the way
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 I love the windows of thy grace
 I long to behold him array'd
 I want no work within thy one
 JESUS the all-restoring word
 JESUS the all-atoning LAMB
 JESUS lover of my soul
 JESUS thou art my righteousness
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 JESUS thou art my righteousness
 JESUS my life thyself apply
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 Immoveable thy promise stands
 In vain do blind-free-willers try
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 Join all the glorious names
 Is this the kind return
 Just are thy ways, and true thy word

L.

LAMB of GOD whose bleeding love
 Let ev'ry mortal ear attend
 Let us love, and sing, and wonder
 Let heav'n and earth agree
 Let me but hear my SAVIOR say
 Let me my SAVIOR and my GOD
 Let Zion and her sons rejoice
 Life like a vain amusement
 Light of those whose dreary dwelling

Lo, he comes with clouds descending
 Long have we sat beneath the fount
 LORD I am thine, but thou wilt prove
 LORD we come before thee now
 LORD we are vile, conceiv'd in sin
 LORD if thou the grace impart
 LORD when my thoughts with wonder roll
 LORD dismiss us with thy blessing
 Love divine, all loves excelling
 Love is the grace that lives and sings
 Love's redeeming work is done
 Love amazing so to mind us
 Lukewarm souls the foes grow stronger

M

Made unto me, O LORD my God
 Meet and right it is to sing
 Mercy is welcome news indeed
 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top
 My GOD the steps of ransom'd men
 My GOD how many are my fears
 My GOD, my life, my love
 My never ceasing songs shall show
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 My soul repeat his praise

N

No more great GOD, I boast no more
 Not unto us but thee alone
 Not all the blood of beasts
 Now may the Spirit's holy fire
 Now begin the heav'nly theme
 Now to the power of GOD supreme
 Now to the LORD a noble song
 Now let the saints declare
 Now to the LORD that makes us know
 Now for a theme of thankful praise

O

O GOD how endless is thy love
 O come dear LORD thyself reveal
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H Y M N I.

V E N I C R E A T O R.

- 1 COME, HOLY SPIRIT, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys !
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs ;
In vain we strive to rise !
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear LORD ! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so ~~so~~ great ?
- 5 Come, HOLY SPIRIT, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs :
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

B

II. *Doubts*

Doubts and Fears suppress.

1 **M**Y God, the steps of ransom'd men
Are order'd by thy will;
Tho' they should fall, they rise again,
'Thy hand supports them still.

2 The LORD delights to see their ways,
He sees and he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings great to come.

4 Wait on the LORD ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

III.

Doubts and Fears suppress.

1 **M**Y God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2 But

- 2 But thou my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread;
Shalt silence all my threatening guilt
And raise my drooping head,
- 3 What tho' the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my soul,
My refuge is my God.
- 4 Arise, O LORD, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing;
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.
- 5 Salvation to the LORD belongs;
His arm alone can save;
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

IV.

The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope.

- 1 LORD I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lies below;
'Tis all the happiness they know;
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

- 3 What sinners value, I resign:
LORD 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, and empty show:
But the bright world, to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?
- 5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

V.

Rejoicing in God.

- 1 **J**UST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great rock of my secure abode;
Who is a God beside the LORD?
Or where's a refuge like our God?
- 2 'Tis He that girds me with his might;
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
- 3 He lives (and blessed be my Rock!)
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 Before

- 4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name;
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach and bear the shame.
- 5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend:
Thy love to saints in CHRIST their head,
Shall never, never, never end.

VI.

Prayer and Praise.

- 1 I'LL bless the LORD from day to day;
I'll tell of all his ways!
Ye humble souls that us'd to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.
- 2 O love the LORD ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just!
How richly bless'd their portion is,
Who make the LORD their trust!
- 3 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell,
What ill their heav'nly care prevents,
No mortal tongue can tell.
- 4 Young lions pinch'd with hunger rore,
And famish in the wood;
But God supplies his holy poor
With ev'ry needful good.

- 5 O sinners come, and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
Come, let our own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

VII.

The Vanity of Man as mortal.

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

- 2 A span is all that I can boast,
How short the thread of time!
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

- 3 Some walk in honor's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore;
Some toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

- 4 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creature, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

- 5 O God forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
O teach my soul to soar above,
And make my Jesus all.

VIII. CHRIST

VIII.

CHRIST *Ascending.*

- 1 **O** For a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign king!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 JESUS our God ascends on high!
His heav'nly guards around,
Attend him rising thro' the sky
With trumpets joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their king,
Let mortals learn their strains:
Let all the earth his honor sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearfe his praise with awe profound;
Let knowlege lead the song:
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

IX.

Lord's Day Morning.

- x 1 **E**ARLY my God without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy chearing grace.

- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
For they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r
Thro' all thy temple shine;
My God repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my chearful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus till my last expiring day,
I'd bless my God and King;
Thus would I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

X.

Pleasure of public Worship.

1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O LORD of Hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My

- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My longing soul thy face would see,
And be for ever Lord with thee.
- 3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and thro' the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
'Till all shall meet in heav'n at length;
'Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

XI.

Delight in Ordinances of Worship.

- 1 **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place
To which my God resorts!
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Tho' in his earthly courts.

- 2 There the great monarch of the skies
His saving pow'r displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickning rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heav'nly dove
Descends and fills the place,
While CHRIST reveals his wond'rous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 Here mighty GOD, thy works declare
The secrets of thy will;
And while we seek thy mercy here,
We'll sing thy praises still.
- 5 O hear us now our GOD, our King!
And raise our souls above,
Where angels without ceasing sing,
And praise, redeeming love.

XII.

The Faithfulness of GOD.

- 1 MY never ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the LORD;
And let succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heav'n endure:
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How

- 3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne;
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater son.
- 4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 O God of Hosts, thy wond'rous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thy unchanging love.

XIII.

Man mortal and God eternal.

- 1 **T**HRO' ev'ry age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne, ere heav'n was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool laid.
- 2 Long had'st thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, poor man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence Lord was just,
Return ye sinners, to your dust.

4 Death

- 4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
- 5 O teach us then dear LORD to know
How short our life is here below;
How transient ev'ry thing we see;
How boundless is eternity.

XIV.

Man mortal.

- 1 **L**IFE like a vain amusement flies,
A fable, or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.
- 2 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten,
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.
- 3 Time like an overflowing stream,
Bears all his sons away:
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.
- 4 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

5 Our

- 5 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art,
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

XV.

Before Prayer.

- 1 SING to the LORD JEHOVA's name
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The LORD's a GOD of boundless might,
The whole creation's king.
- 3 Earth with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
- 4 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace.
- 5 Now is the time he bends his ear,
And waits for our request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear,
Ye shall not see my rest.

The

XVI.

The Resurrection of the Just.

- 1 **Y**E sons of pride, that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.
- 2 The last great day shall change the scene;
Ah! then it will appear;
The just shall live, and live, and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here.
- 3 God will their naked souls receive,
When sep'rate from the flesh:
He'll break the prison of the grave,
And raise their bones afresh.
- 4 Heav'n is their everlasting home;
Th' inheritance is sure;
Their JESUS too, will quickly come,
So we'll repine no more.

XVII.

Canaan lost through Unbelief.

- 1 **C**OME, let our souls address the LORD,
Who fram'd our natures with his word;
He is our shepherd: we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 2 Come,

- 2 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The councils of his love obey;
Nor let our hard'ned hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Is'el knew.
- 3 Is'el, that saw his works of grace,
Tempted their Maker to his face;
A faithless, unbelieving brood,
That tir'd the patience of their God.
- 4 Look back my soul with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.
- 5 Seize the kind promise while it waits
And march to Zion's heav'nly gates.
Believe, and take the promis'd rest,
Obey, and be for ever blest.

XVIII.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

- 1 **L**ET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promis'd hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t'exalt his pow'r.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in his eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

- 3 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And feels their sighs arise.
- 4 He frees the souls condemn'd to death;
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.
- 5 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

XIX.

The great Compassion of God.

- 1 **M**Y soul repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great:
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

- 4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows their feeble frame.
- 5 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath;
His anger like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 6 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 7 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And childrens children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

XX.

Divine Protection.

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my almighty refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heaven's with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He

- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way,
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Isr'el sleeps!
- 4 Isr'el a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest,
Thy holy guardians wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return
Safe in the Lord's his heav'nly care,
Defends thy life from ev'ry snare.
- 6 On thee, foul Spirits have no pow'r!
And in thy last departing hour,
Angels that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

XXI.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 JESUS, the all-restoring word,
Our fallen spirits hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
O when shall we wake up!
- 2 Thou, O our God, Thou only art
The life, the truth, the way;
Quicken our souls, instruct our hearts,
Our sinking footsteps stay.

- 3 Of all thou dost on earth bestow,
 Or give in heav'n above,
 Give us, O LORD, thyself to know,
 Give us thy precious love.
- 4 Fill us with all the life of love;
 In sacred union join
 Us to thyself; and let us prove,
 Sweet fellowship divine.
- 5 The holy intercourse begun
 Between our souls and thee,
 Enlarge, O LORD, and carry on,
 Thro' all eternity.

XXII.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 JESUS, the all-atoning Lamb,
 Lover of lost mankind;
 Salvation in whose only name
 A sinful world can find.
- 2 We ask thy grace to make us clean;
 We come to thee our GOD;
 Open, O LORD, for this day's sin,
 The fountain of thy blood.
- 3 Hither our sinful souls be brought,
 And ev'ry idle word,
 And ev'ry work, and ev'ry thought,
 That hath not pleas'd our LORD.
- 4 Hither

4 Hither, our actions righteous deem'd
By man, and counted good,
As filthy rags by God esteem'd,
'Till sprinkled with thy blood,

5 To us then, O vouchsafe thy pow'r
For pardon still to see;
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
To wash ourselves in thee.

XXII.

Hosanna in the Highest.

1 **T**HIS is the day the LORD hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day, CHRIST rose, and left the dead,
And satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy son:
Hosanna's loud to thee we sing,
Like those around the throne.

4 Hosanna, let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

5 Hosanna,

- 5 Hosanna, in the highest strain
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

XXIV.

Opening Public Worship.

- 1 **N**OW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting people here inspire
With joy, and peace, and love!
- 2 Thee we the Comforter confess;
Unless thou'rt present here,
Our songs of praise are vain address,
We utter heartless pray'r!
- 3 Wake, heav'nly wind, arise and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.
- 4 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim thy word,
And bid each awful hearer keep
Attention to the LORD.
- 5 Hasten the restitution day;
Thy pow'r we wait to prove:
Thy glorious grace to each display,
And fill our souls with love.

1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
 At thy feet we humbly bow;
 Oh! do not our suit disdain;
 Shall we seek thee, LORD, in vain?
 LORD, on thee our souls depend;
 In compassion now descend:
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

2 In thine own appointed way,
 Now we seek thee, here we stay;
 LORD, from hence we would not go,
 'Till a blessing thou bestow;
 Send some message from thy word,
 That may joy and peace afford;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.

3 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
 Let the time of joy return;
 Those who are cast down lift up,
 Make them strong in faith and hope:
 Grant that those who seek, may find
 Thee a God divinely kind:
 Heal the sick, the captive free;
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

XXVI.

Salvation.

- 1 **SALVATION.** O the joyful sound,
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Bury'd in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay!
But now salvation, rich, divine,
Presents a brighter day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee, the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

XXVII.

The Enjoyment of CHRIST.

- 1 **FAR** from our thoughts vain world be
Let our religious hours alone; [gone,
O may our eyes our SAVIOR see!
We wait a visit, LORD, from thee.

- 2 O warm our hearts with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, our dear Jesus from above,
And feed our souls with heav'nly love.
- 3 O come, and with a smiling face,
Come, spread the tables of thy grace:
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer our hearts with sacred wine.
- 4 Blest JESUS, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.
- 5 Hail! great EMMANUEL, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

XXVIII.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in JESU's name;
Ye who JESU's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the SAVIOR's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning

- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remov'd,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
Those tremendous foes of ours;
From their cursed empire drove;
Mighty in redeeming love.
- 7 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string,
Mortals join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

XXIX.

Praise the Lord.

- 1 **PRAISE** ye the LORD, exalt his name,
While in his sacred courts ye wait;
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

- 2 Praise ye the LORD; the LORD is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Isr'el he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 Bless ye the LORD, who taste his love;
O bless and praise his name;
Among his saints he ever dwells,
His church is his Jerusalem.

XXX.

Before Sermon.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids our longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

5 Dear God the treasures of thy love,
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.

6 The happy gates of GOSPEL-GRACE,
Stand open night and day;
LORD, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

XXXI.

Another.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home!

2 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your SAVIOR'S face;
The year of jubilee, &c.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell
Your liberty receive;
Secure in JESUS dwell
And safe in JESUS live;
The year of jubilee, &c.

- 4 Extol the Lamb of God,
The great atoning Lamb:
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd sinners home!

XXXII.

Invitation.

- 1 YE who in his courts are found,
Lift'ning to the joyful sound;
Loft and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

- 2 Turn to CHRIST your longing eyes,
View his bloody sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiv'n,
Pardon, holiness, and heav'n:
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

XXXIII.

Another.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of your Lord:
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away.

- 2 Ready the FATHER is to own,
And kifs his late returning Son;
Ready the loving SAVIOR stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the SPIRIT of his love,
Just now the stony heart to move;
T'apply and witness with his blood,
And wash and seal you sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
With harps of gold, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 Come then ye sinners to the LORD,
To happiness in CHRIST restor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

XXXIV.

Before or after Sermon.

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Thy joy shall bear their spirits up,
Thro' the Redeemer's name!
Thy righteousness exalts their hope;
Nor satan dares condemn.

- 3 The LORD our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
If'e'l thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

XXXV.

- 1 O COME, thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come, wash us in thy cleansing blood;
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take our poor hearts and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou should'st man to glory bring!
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never fading crown.
- 4 Ah, LORD! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 5 First born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow;
Help us to thee our all to give;
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

After Sermon.

1 **O** JESU our LORD,
Thy name be ador'd,
For all the rich blessings convey'd thro' thy word.

2 In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And chearfully join in a concert of praise.

3 The antient of days
His glory displays,
And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.

4 The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad,
The language of mercy, salvation thro' blood.

5 Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel-day.

6 The people who know
The SAVIOR below,
With burning affection to worship him glow.

7 This blessing be mine,
Thro' favor divine;
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

8 The work is of grace,
Thine, thine be the praise,
And mine to adore thee and tell of thy ways.

XXXVII.

Come and welcome to JESUS CHRIST.

- 1 **C**OME ye sinners poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
JESUS ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power.
He is able, he is able, he is able;
He is willing: doubt no more.
- 2 **H**O! ye needy; come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us high;
Without money, &c.
Come to JESUS CHRIST, and buy.
- 3 **L**et not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you, &c.
'Tis the SPIRIT'S rising beam.
- 4 **C**ome, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and wretched by the fall;
If you tarry 'till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous, &c.
Sinners, JESUS came to call.
- 5 **A**gonizing

5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your maker prostrate lies,
 On the bloody tree behold him;
 Hear him cry, before he dies
 It is finish'd, &c.

Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood:
 Venture on him, venture wholly;
 Let no other trust intrude,
 None but Jesus, &c.
 Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heav'n,
 Sweetly echo with his name.
 Hallelujah, &c.
 Sinners here may sing the same.

XXXVIII.

1 COME, guilty souls, and flee away
 To CHRIST, and heal your wounds;
 This is the welcome gospel-day,
 Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son
 To drink the cup of wrath;
 And Jesus says, he'll cast out none
 That come to him by faith.

XXXIX.

Invitation.

- 1 **H**ITHER, ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,
A sin-disorder'd, trembling throng;
To you the gospel calls, to you
MESSIAH'S blessings all belong.
- 2 The sons of reason and of pride,
Reject the blessings of his tree:
For sinners only Jesus dy'd!
Sinner, behold! he dy'd for thee.
- 3 'Twas with our griefs MESSIAH groan'd;
'Twas with our guilt his soul was try'd!
Our punishment he took, he bore;
And sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd!
- 4 Awake each heart, arise each soul,
And join the blissful choir above;
May nothing tune our future song,
But heav'nly wisdom, heav'nly love.

XL.

Salvation by Grace in Christ.

- 1 **N**OW to the pow'r of God supreme,
Be everlasting honors giv'n;
He saves from hell (we bless his name)
He calls lost wand'ring souls to heav'n.

- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace;
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose, that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in CHRIST his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 JESUS, the LORD, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known:
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

XLI.

Adoring free and sov'reign Mercy.

- 1 O LORD, how great's the favor!
That we such sinners poor,
Can thro' thy death's sweet favor
Approach thy mercy's door,
And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace;
There wait the welcome message
That bids us go in peace?
- 2 LORD, we are helpless creatures,
Full of the deepest need;
Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid, and inly dead:

Our

Our strength is perfect weakness,
And all we have is sin;
Our hearts are all uncleanness,
A den of thieves within.

3 In this forlorn condition,
Who shall afford us aid!
Where shall we find compassion,
But in the church's head?
JESUS, thou art all pity,
Oh take us to thine arms,
And exercise thy mercy,
To save us from all harms.

4 We'll never cease repeating,
Our numberless complaints;
But ever be entreating
The glorious King of saints:
Till we attain the image
Of pure and gospel love;
And pay our grateful homage
With all the saints above.

5 Then we with all in glory
Shall thankfully relate
Th' amazing pleasing story,
Of JESU's love so great:
In this blest contemplation
We shall for ever dwell;
And prove such consolation
As none below can tell.

- 1 **FROM** all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the **CREATOR'S** praise arise;
 Let the **REDEEMER'S** name be sung,
 Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, **LORD**;
 Eternal truth attends thy word:
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

XLIII.

For one under Temptation.

- x
 1 **JESUS**, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly;
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my **SAVIOR**, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:

All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All mine help from thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 **Thou, O CHRIST,** art all I want ;
More than all in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness !
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make, and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within mine heart,
Now and to eternity.

XLIV.

ISAIAH xl. 39.

1 **SON of God !** thy blessing grant,
Still supply my ev'ry want ;
Tree of life, thine influence shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed !

2 Tend'rest

- 2 Tend'rest branch, alas ! and I,
Wither without thee, and die :
Weak as helpless infancy ;
O confirm my soul in thee.
- 3 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall ;
Send the strength for which I call !
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on thee depend :
Love me ! save me to the end !
Give me the continuing grace ;
Take the everlasting praise.

XLV.

Humiliation.

- 1 **L**ORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death !
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.
- 3 Behold ! we fall before thy face ;
Our only refuge is thy grace :
No outward forms can make us clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

- 4 JESUS, our GOD! thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
LORD, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make our feeble hearts rejoice.

XLVI.

CHRIST our Sacrifice.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But CHRIST, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree;
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing we rejoice,
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love,

XLVII.

1 **GUIDE** us, O thou great JEHOVAH,

Pilgrims, thro' this barren land:

We are weak, but thou art mighty;

Hold us with thy pow'rful hand:

Bread of heav'n, &c.

Feed us till we want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,

Whence the healing streams do flow;

Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,

Lead us all our journey thro';

Strong deliv'rer, &c.

Be thou still our strength and shield.

3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,

Bid our anxious fears subside:

Conduct us thro' th' boist'rous ocean,

Land us safe on Canaan's side;

Songs of praises, &c.

We will ever give to thee.

XLVIII.

Breathing after Holiness.

1 **HOLY** Lamb, who thee receive,

Who in thee begin to live;

Day and night they cry to thee;

As thou art, so let us be.

- 2 Fix, O fix each wav'ring mind,
To thy cross our spirits bind;
Earthly passions far remove,
Swallow up our souls in love.
 - 3 Dost and afflics tho' we be,
Full of guilt and misery:
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood.
 - 4 Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable, are thine;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n.
- XLIX.
Psalms, iii, 16, &c.
- 1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.
 - 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and
Of thine unmeasurable grace. [length
 - 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, thro' CHRIST the Son!

CHRIST *All in All.*

- 1 O Patient, spotless Lamb!
My heart in patience keep,
To bear the cross so easily made
By wounding thee so deep.
- 2 Bring me, my shepherd, where
Thy choicest flocks abide,
From wand'ring save my foolish heart,
And keep it near thy side.
- 3 My friend, thou hast enough
My mis'ry to relieve,
Tho' sin and guilt oppress me sore,
The balm is thine to give.
- 4 Do thou, my ALL, unite
My heart so firm to thee,
That now and ever, O my LORD,
Thy love my ALL may be.

CHRIST'S *Compassion to the Tempted.*

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our high priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd

- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
 Pour'd out his cries and tears;
 And in his measure feels afresh,
 What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy, and his pow'r;
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
 In the distressing hour.

LM.

Panting after God.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man
 knows,
 I see from far thy beauteous light;
 Inly I sigh for thy repose.
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The LORD of ev'ry motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee.
- 3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but CHRIST in me may live:
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive.
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek but thee.
- 4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy Love, thy God, thy ALL!
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

LIII.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one chearful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He came to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The SAVIOR'S praises speak.

5 Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told!

LIV.

Unfruitfulness.

1 **L**ONG have we sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, LORD;
But still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft we frequent thine holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain:
How small a portion of thy grace,
Do our false hearts retain.

3 Our gracious SAVIOR and our God,
How little art thou known,
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne?

- 4 How cold and feeble is our love,
How negligent our fear;
How low our hope of joys above,
How few affections there!
- 5 Great God thy sov'reign aid impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in our hearts,
And make us learn thy grace.
- 6 Shew our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowlege grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

LV.

Longing after Christ.

- 1 **THOU** shepherd of Is'el divine,
The joy and desire of my heart;
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture O when shall I find,
Where all, who their shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
And screen'd from the heat of the day?
- 2 O shew me that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an extacy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God!

Thy

Thy love for lost sinners declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
Where pardon was purchas'd for me.

- 3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
There, there I would ever abide,
Nor thence for one moment depart;
Preserv'd evermore by thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

LVI.

God's Presence delightful.

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call,
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

- 3 The smilings of thy face,
How delightful they are!
'Tis heav'n to rest in thy embrace,
And no where else but there!

- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy holy throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place;
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face:
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
All, is unsubstantial joy,
Without thy presence, LORD.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

LVII.

The Sun. of Righteousness.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come! and by thy love's revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath;
The new heav'n and earth's creator,
In our deepest darkness rise!
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart:
Chasing all our fears, and chearing
Ev'ry poor benighted heart;
Come! and manifest the favor
God hath for his ransom'd race;
Come! thou dear exalted SAVIOR,
Come! and bring thy gospel-grace.
- 3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild pacific prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins!
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Ev'ry burthen'd soul release;
Ev'ry weary, wand'ring spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

LVIII.

Meekness and Humility.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou the grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my master be,
Rooted in humility.
- 2 From the time that thee I knew,
Nothing would I have in view;
Aim at nothing great or high;
Lowly both in heart and eye.

3 Simple,

3 Simple, tractable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child,
Pleas'd with all my God provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.

4 FATHER! fix my soul on thee;
Ev'ry evil let me flee;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

5 O! that all may seek, and find
Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Isr'el still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

LIX.

ZECH. xiii. 1.

1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is,
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from God's sacred word:
Ho! ye despairing sinners come,
And trust upon the LORD.

3 O may we hear th' Almighty call,
And run to this relief;
We would believe thy promise, LORD,
O help our unbelief!

- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood;
Teach us, O LORD, to fly:
There may we wash our guilty souls!
From crimes of deepest dye!
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
Our reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
And form our souls anew.
- 6 Poor guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
On thy kind arm we fall;
Be thou our strength and righteousness,
Our Jesus, and our ALL.

LX.

A Prayer for Divine Love.

- 1 O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up by thee?
Let me, O LORD, for ever prove
The sweetness of redeeming love,
The love of CHRIST to me!
- 2 GOD only knows the love of GOD;
O that it now were shed abroad
In each poor longing heart!
I want to feel the love divine;
This heav'nly portion, LORD, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

- 3 O that I could for ever sit
With MARY, at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice!
My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice.
- 4 Thy love! I nothing more require,
Nothing on earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heav'n above;
Go, earth, and all your trifles, go,
O give me, LORD, thy love to know,
Give me thy precious love.

LXI.

CHRIST our Righteousness.

- 1 JESUS, thou art my righteousness,
For all my sins were thine;
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made him mine.
- 2 My dying SAVIOR, and my God!
Fountain for guilt, and sin;
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 'Till faith to fight improve;
 'Till hope in full enjoyment die,
 And all my soul be love.

LXII.

CHRIST'S Commission.

- 1 **C**OME, happy souls approach your God
 With new melodious songs;
 Come, render to Almighty grace
 The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
 That pity'd dying men;
 The FATHER sent his equal SON,
 To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
 With a revenging rod;
 No hard commission to perform
 The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne,
 When CHRIST on the kind errand came,
 And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
 And wipe your sorrows dry;
 Trust in the conqu'ring SAVIOR's name,
 And you shall never die.

- 6 O dearest Lord, melt down our souls
T' accept thine offer'd grace:
Then will we bless the SAVIOR'S love,
And give the FATHER praise.

LXIII.

God's Faithfulness.

- 1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of CHRIST th' eternal King.

- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

- 3 Proclaim salvation from the LORD,
For wretched, dying men;
Whose hands hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

- 4 Engrav'd, as in eternal brals,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

- 5 His ev'ry word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Spake all the promises.

6 LORD, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
But whisper, Thou art mine!
Those gracious words should raise my song,
To notes almost divine.

7 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n secured
Give me to hear thy gracious voice,
And faith desires no more.

LXIV.

Praise to CHRIST.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the LAMB that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the LAMB, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us!

3 JESUS is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the LAMB.

LXV.
To JESUS CHRIST.

1 **O** THOU in whom the Gentiles trust,
Thou only holy, only just;
Oh! tune our souls to praise thy name,
Jesus! unchangeably the same.

2 If angels, whilst to God they sing,
Wrap up their faces in their wing;
How shall we sinful dust draw nigh,
The great, the awful DEITY!

3 Glory to thee, auspicious LAMB!
Thou holy LORD, thou great I AM!
With all our pow'r thy grace we bless;
Our joy, our peace, our righteousness.

4 Live, ever glorious Jesus I live,
Worthy all blessings to receive;
Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,
With ev'ry pow'r beneath thy feet.

LXVI.

CHRIST our great Melchisedec.

1 **T**HOU dear REDEEMER, dying LAMB!
We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Thy name so sweet to me.

O may we ever hear thy voice,
 In mercy to us speak;
 And in thy love will we rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedech.
 2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay;
 We'll sing our lovely SAVIOR's name,
 When all things else decay.
 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all his chosen throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And CHRIST shall be our song.

LXVII.

Spiritual Crucifixion.

1 O tell me no more,
 Of this world's vain store;
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er!
 A country I've found,
 Where true joys abound;
 To dwell I'm determin'd on this happy ground.
 2 The souls that believe,
 In Paradise live,
 And me in that number, O JESUS, receive!
 My soul don't delay;
 He calls thee away;
 Rise, follow thy SAVIOR, and bless the glad day.

3 Then

3 Then when I'm to die, O
 Receive me, I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot, say why!
 In bondage, O why!
 And death will you lie,
 When Jesus assures you free, grace is so nigh?

LXVIII.

The Triumph of Faith.

1 **H** E A D of thy church triumphant,

We joyfully adore thee;

'Till thou appear,

Thy members here,

Shall sing like those in glory;

We lift our hearts and voices,

With blest anticipation;

And cry aloud,

And give to God,

The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,

Or passing thro' the fire,

Thy love we praise,

Which knows our days,

And ever brings us nigher;

We clap our hands, exulting,

In thine Almighty favor;

The love divine,

Which made us thine,

Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou

3 **Thou** dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Not will we fear,
Whilst thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory,
To which thou wilt restore us:
The cross despise,
For that high prize,
Which thou hast set before us;
And, through thy perfect merit,
We each as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand,
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

LXIX.

1 **NOW** to the LORD, a noble song,
Awake, my soul, awake my tongue,
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
2 See where it shines in Jesu's face
The brightest image of his grace:
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works undone.

3 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
Exult, my soul, at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!

4 O that we all may reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face:
Where all his beauties we behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

LXX.

Persevering Grace.

1 **T**O GOD, the only wise,
Our SAVIOR, and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present his saints
Unblemish'd, and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around his throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

- 5 To our redeeming God,
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

LXXI.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 O What shall I do
My SAVIOR to praise !
So faithful and true,
So plenteous in grace :
So strong to deliver,
So good to redeem,
The weakest believer
That hangs upon him !
- 2 How happy the man
Whose heart is set free !
The people that can
Be joyful in thee !
Their joy is to walk in
The light of thy face :
And still they are talking
Of JESU'S grace.
- 3 Their daily delight
Shall be in thy name,
They shall, as their right,
Thy righteousness claim :

Thy

Thy righteousness wearing,
And cleans'd by thy blood,
They bold shall appear in
The presence of God.

- 4 Yes, LORD, I shall see
The blifs of thine own;
Thy secret to me
Shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness
I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness
Of all that believe.

LXXII.

Another.

- 1 **WHAT** shall we render unto thee,
Thou glorious LORD of life and pow'r?
Teach us to bow the humble knee,
Teach us with thankfulness t'adore:
To praise thee as thy saints above;
To praise thee for thy wond'rous love.
- 2 When like lost sheep we wander'd wide,
And madly sought from thee to stray;
When borne along th' impetuous tide
Of this world's sin and vanity;
Our JESUS from his heav'n came down,
To save us by free grace alone.

- 3 He bore our sins upon the tree,
(To seek and save the lost he came,)
There was he nail'd, to set us free
From death and everlasting shame:
The chosen flock from hell was freed,
And ransom'd, when their SAVIOR bled.
- 4 Before the FATHER's awful throne
Our merciful High Priest he stands;
And, interceding for his own,
The purchas'd remnant now demands;
His people's everlasting friend,
Who, loving, loves them to the end.
- 5 O praise him then, ye ransom'd race,
Let all your grateful songs abound
To bless and praise redeeming grace,
Thro' all the spacious world around;
O praise him! all beneath, above,
O praise him! praise the God of love.

LXXIII.

JESUS CHRIST *the Believer's Righteousness.*

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty is, my glorious dress,
'Midst flaming worlds in thine array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies;
Ev'n then, shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath liv'd and dy'd for me."

- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who shall then have ought to say?
Fully thro' CHRIST absolv'd I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies, bought with blood,
SAVIOR of sinners thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years
No age can change its glorious hue,
The grace of CHRIST is always new.
- 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
JESUS, the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS,

LXXIV.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd heav'n, that glorious place:
Sun and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To joys prepar'd above.

- 2 Rivers to th' ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both hasten to their source;
So a soul that's born of God,
Longs to view his glorious face,
Upwards flies to his abode,
To rest in his embrace!
- 3 Cease ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize,
Soon our Savior will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Then the happy soul shall know,
Glorious entrance will be giv'n,
All her sorrows left below,
And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

LXXV.

Invitation to Praise.

- 1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamn;
Wake, ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To sing the Savior's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing.

- 3 Sing, 'till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing 'till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In CHRIST th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear him say,
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.
- 6 Then shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sing in sweetest notes, the song
Of Moses and the LAMB.

LXXVL

Ebenezer.

- 1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Calls for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount,—I'm fix'd upon it;
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here

- 2 Here I raise mine Eben-ezer;
 Hither, by thy help, I'm come,
 And I trust, thro' thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 JESUS sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Offer'd up his precious blood.
- 3 O, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace now like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
 Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love:
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

LXXVII.

Rejoice evermore.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the LORD is King!
 Your LORD and King adore:
 Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph evermore;
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!
- 2 JESUS the SAVIOR reigns,
 The GOD of truth and love;
 He blotted out our sins
 And took his seat above:
 Lift up your heart, &c.

- 3 He sits at God's right hand,
'Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet;
Lift up your heart, &c.
- 4 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n:
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n:
Lift up your heart, &c.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the judge shall come,
And take his children up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear th' arch-angel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

LXXVIII.

- 1 OUR shepherd alone,
The LORD let us bless,
Who reigns on the throne,
The prince of our peace;
Who evermore saves us
By shedding his blood;
All hail, holy Jesus,
Our LORD and our God!
- 2 We daily will sing
Thy glory, thy praise,
Thou merciful spring
Of pity, and grace:

Thy

Thy kindness for ever,
To men I will tell;
And say, my dear SAVIOR
Redeems me from hell.

- 3 Preserve me in love,
While here I abide;
Nor ever remove,
Nor cover nor hide
Thy glorious salvation,
'Till joyful I see,
The beautiful vision
Completed in thee.

LXXIX.

PSALM C.

- 1 BEFORE JEHOVAH'S awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy,
Know that the LORD is GOD alone!
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

LXXX

Love Divine.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown;
JESUS thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

- 2 Breath, O breath thy loving spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest!
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us life and pow'r receive!
Come, possess our hearts, and never,
Never, LORD, thy temples leave!

Thee

Thée we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thine host above;
 Bless and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy dying love.

- 4 Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure and holy may we be;
 Let us see our great salvation
 Perfectly secur'd by thee;
 Change from glory into glory,
 'Till in heav'n we take our place:
 'Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

LXXXI.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 YE servants of God,
 Your master proclaim,
 And publish abroad
 His wonderful name:
 The name all-victorious
 Of Jesus extol:
 His kingdom is glorious,
 And rules over all.

- 2 God ruleth on high,
 Almighty to save;
 And still he is nigh,
 His presence we have;

The

The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King,

3 Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son:
Our Jesus's praises
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the LAMB.

4 Then let us adore
And give him his right,
All glory, and pow'r,
And wisdom, and might:
All honor and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
For Jesus's love.

LXXXII.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1 COME, ye that love the LORD,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne.

- 2 Let sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King
Will speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope shall grow.
- 5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' IMMANUEL's ground,
To brighter worlds on high.

LXXXIII.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing our SAVIOR's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the father's trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
We on Jesu's throne shall rest;
There our seat is now prepar'd,
There our kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
JESUS CHRIST, our FATHER'S SON,
Bids us undismay'd go on.
- 5 LORD! incline us now to go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we then will follow thee!

LXXXIV.

The Weak encouraged.

- 1 **Y**E souls that are weak,
And helpless, and poor,
Cast down, and so meek,
You cannot adore;
Lo! here's a foundation
For comfort and peace;
In CHRIST is salvation,
The kingdom is his.

- 2 With power he rules,
And wonders performs;
Gives grace to weak souls,
And courage to worms;
Beset by fore evils
Without and within,
By legions of devils,
And mountains of sin.
- 3 So be not afraid,
All power is giv'n
To JESUS our head,
In earth, and in heav'n:
Thro' him we shall conquer
The mightiest foes;
Our Captain is stronger
Than all who oppose.
- 4 His pow'r from above,
He'll kindly impart;
So free is his love,
So tender his heart!
Redeem'd with his merit,
We're wash'd in his blood;
Renew'd by his Spirit,
We've power with God.

LXXXV.

Looking to Jesus.

HOW glorious the LAMB
Is seen on the throne!
His labors are o'er,
His battles are won:

A king-

A kingdom is giv'n
 Into the LAMB's hand,
 His children in heaven
 For ever shall stand.

- 2 Then sinners below
 O trust in the LORD;
 Look up to his arm,
 His honor, his word;
 Athirst for his favor,
 His God-head adore,
 Look up to your SAVIOR,
 And joy evermore!

LXXXVI.

Privileges of God's Children.

- 1 **BLESSED** are the sons of God;
 They are bought with CHRIST's own
 blood;
 They are ransom'd from the grave;
 Life eternal they shall have:
 With them numbred may I be,
 Here, and in eternity!

- 2 God did love them in his Son,
 Long before the world begun;
 They the seal of this receive,
 When in Jesus they believe:
 With them numbred, &c.

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And wonders performs;
Gives grace to weak souls,
And courage to worms;
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 Here, and in eternity!

- 2 God did love them in his SON,
 Long before the world begun;
 They the seal of this receive,
 When in Jesus they believe:
 With them numbred, &c.

- 3 They are justify'd by grace;
 Jesus is himself their dress;
 All their sins are wash'd away,
 They shall stand in God's great day;
 With them numbred, &c.
- 4 They produce the fruits of grace,
 In the works of righteousness;
 Born of God, they hate all sin;
 God's pure seed remains within;
 With them numbred, &c.
- 5 They have fellowship with God,
 Thro' the dear Redeemer's blood;
 One with God, with Jesus one,
 Glory is in them begun;
 With them numbred, &c.
- 6 They are lights upon the earth,
 Children of an heav'nly birth;
 They with love and peace are fill'd;
 They are by his Spirit seal'd;
 With them numbred may I be,
 Here, and in eternity!

LXXXVII.

The Christian Race.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our souls, away our fears;
 Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
 Awake, and run the heav'nly race;
 And put a cheerful courage on.

- 2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But we forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
- 3 O mighty God, thy matchless pow'r!
Is ever new, and ever young:
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Believers drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall fade away, and droop and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle, cuts the air,
O may we mount to thine abode!
On wings of love to Jesus fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

LXXXVIII.

The Church a Garden.

- 1 **Z**ION's a garden, wall'd around,
Chosen, and made peculiar ground;
A little spot, inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
- 2 Like spicy trees, believers stand,
Planted by an Almighty hand;
And all the springs in Sion flow,
To make the rich plantation grow.

- 3 Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on thy garden of perfume;
SPIRIT divine, descend and breath
A gracious gale on plants beneath!
- 4 Make thou our spices flow abroad,
A grateful incense to our God;
Let faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

LXXXIX.

- 1 **T**HE fountain of Christ,
Assist us to sing,
The blood of our priest,
Our crucify'd King:
Which perfectly cleanses
From sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses
Salvation and health.
- 2 This fountain unseal'd,
Stands open for all,
That long to be heal'd,
The great and the small;
Here's strength for the weakly,
That hither are led;
Here's health for the sickly,
Here's life for the dead.
- 3 This fountain, tho' rich,
From charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch,
The welcomer here:

Come

Come needy, come guilty,
Come loathsome and bare;
You can't come too filthy ---
Come just as you are.

- 4 This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd,
It takes out all stain
Whenever apply'd;
The water flows sweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls compleatly
Tho' deprous as mine.

XC.

At Meeting.

- 1 **B**LEST by Jesu's providence,
Lo! we meet again in peace;
May we, when we'er call'd from hence,
Meet in a more glorious place.

- 2 When we once shall there arrive,
Ever happy we shall reign;
Ever with our Jesus live,
Midst a host of perfect men.

- 3 There no sorrow shall intrude,
Grief shall never there appear:
Wash'd in our Redeemer's blood,
We'er free from sin and ev'ry fear.

E 5

4 Come,

- 4 Come, dear brethren, joyful come,
Forward, boldly let us press,
Humbly let our souls presume,
Trust in Jesu's righteousness.
- 5 Pray we for the promis'd hour,
When the family compleat,
Borne on clouds, and girt with power,
In the house above shall meet.
- 6 Jesus, hasten on thy day;
Glorious to thy judgment come!
Call thy trav'ling saints away;
LORD, we long to be at home.

XCI.

As Parting.

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And do his work below.
- 3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd.

4 Closer

4 Closer and closer let us cleave,
To his belov'd embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Thus let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

XCH.

A Spur for Professors.

1 **L**ukewarm souls, the foes grow stronger,
See what hosts your camp surround,
Arm to battle; lag no longer;
Hark! the silver trumpets sound.
Wake, ye sleepers: wake, what mean you?
Sin besets you round about.
Up, and search: the world's within you,
Slay, or chase the traitor out.

2 What enchants you, pelf, or pleasure?
Pluck right eyes, with right hands part:
Ask your conscience, where's your treasure?
For be certain, there's your heart.
Give the fawning foe no credit;
Lo! the bloody flag's unfurl'd;
That base heart (JEHOVAH says it)
Loves not God, that loves the world,

3 God and mammon? O! be wiser,
 Serve them both? it cannot be;
 Ease in warfare, faint and miser:
 These! O these can ne'er agree.
 Shun the shame of basely falling
 Cumber'd captives, clogg'd with clay,
 Prove your faith, make sure your calling,
 Wield the sword; and win the day.

4 Forward press towards perfection;
 Watch and pray, and all things prove;
 Seek to know your God's election;
 Search his everlasting love.
 Dread backsliding, scorn dissembling;
 Now salvation's near in view;
 Work it out with fear and trembling,
 'Tis your God that works in you.

XIII.

The Crucifixion.

1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love,
 We now recall to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find.
 Think on us who think on thee,
 And ev'ry burthen'd soul release;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

2 Let

- 2 Let thy blood, by faith apply'd,
The sinners pardon seal,
Speak us freely justify'd,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Bid all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember, &c.
- 3 Let us not from hence depart,
'Till thou our wants relieve,
Write salvation on our heart,
And all our sins forgive;
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
While passing thro' this wilderness;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

XCIV.

Another.

- 1 **WHAT** creatures beside, are favor'd
like us?
Forgiven, supplied, and banquetted thus
By God our good FATHER; who gave us
his SON,
And sent him to gather his children in one?

2 Salvation's

- 2 Salvation's of God, the effect of free grace,
Upon us bestow'd before the world was :
Before the world was, God gave us his Son;
O bless him my soul! amen, and amen.

XCV.

Another.

- 1 **A**LAS! and did my SAVIOR bleed?
And did my lov'reign die?
Did he devote his sacred head
For such a wretch as I?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glory in,
When God the great Creator dy'd
For man the creature's sin.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Dear LORD, I give myself to thee!
'Tis all that I can do.

22. Salvation of God, the Father of Grace,
 Uphold us, O Lord, in the world we live;
 Before the world we live, O Lord, we live;
 O Lord, we live, O Lord, we live, and amen.

Another.

1 **WHEN** I survey the wond'rous cross,
 On which my dear Redeemer dy'd,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

3 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the cross of CHRIST my God:
 I have, and wish to have no trust,
 But in his righteousness and blood.

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my life, my soul, my all.

XCVII.

Sacrament.

1 **COME**, holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
 Thine inward witness give,
 To all our waiting souls reveal
 The death, by which we live.

2 Spectators of the pangs divine,
O that we now may be;
Discerning in the sacred sign,
His passion on the tree.

3 Repeat the SAVIOR's dying cry
In ev'ry heart so loud,
That ev'ry heart may now reply,
This was the SON of GOD.

XCVIII.

Another.

1 **H**APPY the man to whom 'tis giv'n
To eat the bread of life in heav'n:
This happiness in CHRIST we prove,
Who feed on his forgiving love.

XCIX.

Another.

1 **J**ESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board
Here pardon'd rebels sweetly hold
Communion with their LORD.

2 For food he gives his flesh:
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favor! matchless grace!
Of our redeeming GOD!

3 Ec

3 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raise!
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise!

Another.

1 COME, HOLY GHOST, thine influence shed,
And realise the sign:
Thy life infuse into the bread,
Thy pow'r into the wine.
2 Effectual let the tokens prove:
And made by heav'nly art,
Fit channels to convey the love
To ev'ry faithful heart.

CI.

Another.

1 JESUS, master of the feast,
The feast itself thou art,
Now receive thy meanest guest,
And comfort ev'ry heart:
Give us living bread to eat,
Manna that from heav'n comes down;
Fill us with immortal meat,
And make us now thine own.

2 In this barren wilderness
 Thou hast a table spread,
 Furnish'd out with richest grace,
 Whate'er our souls can need:
 Still sustain us by thy love,
 Still thy people's strength repair,
 'Till we reach the courts above,
 And feast for ever there!

CH.

Grace.

1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear:
 Heav'n with the echo shall rebound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

2 'Twas grace that wrote my name
 In God's eternal book:
 'Twas grace that gave me to the LAMB,
 Who all my sorrows took.

3 Grace forc'd my wand'ring feet
 To tread the heavenly road:
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

4 Grace taught my soul to pray,
 And made my eyes overflow:
 'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
 And will not let me go.

- 5 Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.
- 6 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine!
May all my pow'rs to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

CHII.

Precious Blood.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from JESUS' veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Are wash'd from all their stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there would I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying LAMB, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
'Till all the ransom'd church of God,
Are sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then,

- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter tongue,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

CIV.

ISAIAH xliv. 23.

- 1 **Y**E heavens rejoice
In Jesus's grace;
Let earth make a noise,
And echo his praise:
The great congregation,
Below and above,
Redeem'd by his passion,
Shall sing of his love.

- 2 Ye mountains and vales,
In praises abound;
Ye hills, and ye dales,
Continue the sound;
Break forth into singing,
Ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus's bringing
Lost sinners to God.

- 3 Atonement he made
For each of his own;
Their debt he hath paid,
Their work he hath done.

With

With glad exultation
His triumphs proclaim,
Ascribing salvation
To God and the Lamb.

CV.

Hope of Glory.

- 1 **H**E is a God of sov'reign love,
Who promis'd heav'n to me:
And taught my soul to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.
- 2 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day!
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.
- 3 Then, my beloved, take my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
That face to face I may behold
My SAVIOR, and my God.

CVI.

The Complaint.

- 1 **O** For a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the LAMB!
- 2 Where

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But now I find an aching void,
Which only God can fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that make me mourn,
That drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to bear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
And purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

CVII.

God incarnate.

- 1 THE SAVIOR! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Th'

- 2 Th' Almighty former of the Skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wonder eyes
And hail'd th' incarnate God.
- 3 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of joy a boundless store:
Dear SAVIOR, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.
- 4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall:
My righteousness, and sacrifice,
My SAVIOR, and my ALL.

CVIII.

Appropriation. 1 Thess. i. 4, 5.

- 1 **A** Form of words, tho' e'er so sound,
Can never save a sinner;
The HOLY GHOST must give the wound,
And make the wounded whole.
- 2 Election is a precious truth:
But, LORD, I wish to be
Assur'd by thy own SPIRIT'S mouth,
That thou hast chosen me.
- 3 Sinners, I read are justify'd
By faith in Jesus' Blood;
But when to me that blood's apply'd,
'Tis then I've peace with God.

4 Imputed

- 4 Imputed righteousness I own
A doctrine most divine;
Dear SAVIOR, to my heart make known,
That all thy merits *mine*.
- 5 To perseverance I agree,
No sun-beam is so clear;
Because my LORD has promis'd *me*,
That I shall *perleve*.
- 6 Thus Christians, glorify the LORD,
His SPIRIT joins with ours,
In bearing witness to the word,
With all its saving pow'rs.

CIX.

CHRIST a *perfect* SAVIOR.

- 1 **L**ET us love, and sing, and wonder;
Let us praise the SAVIOR's name!
He who has hush'd the law's loud thunders,
He has quench'd mount *Sinai's* flame:
He has wash'd us in his blood;
He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us sing, tho' fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down;
JESUS is our strong salvation,
He will surely give the crown:
He, who wash'd us in his blood,
Soon will bring us safe to God.

- 3 Let us wonder! grace and justice
Join and point to mercy's throne;
When, thro' grace, our trust in CHRIST is,
Justice smiles and asks no more:
He, who wash'd us in his blood,
Has secur'd our way to God.
- 4 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthron'd on high!
Here, they trusted him before us;
Now their praises fill the sky:
Thou hast wash'd us in thy blood;
Thou art worthy, LAMB of GOD!
- 5 Yes, we praise thee, gracious SAVIOR,
Wonder, love, and bless thy name:
Pardon, LORD, our poor endeavor!
Pity, for thou know'st our frame:
Wash our souls and songs with blood,
For by thee we come to God.

CX.

Grace.

- 1 **R**ICH grace, free grace, most sweetly tells,
Directly come who will,
Just as you are: for CHRIST receives
Poor, helpless sinners still.
- 2 'Tis grace, each day, that feeds our souls;
Grace keeps us inly poor:
And On that nothing else but grace
May rule for evermore.

CXI.

Longing for Heaven.

1 **C**HRIST's own dear hand shall wipe the
tear

From each believing eye :

2 Affliction, pain, and grief, and fear,
And death itself, shall die.

3 How long, dear SAVIOR, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay ?

4 Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

CXII.

Stability of the Covenant.

1 **R**EJOICE, ye saints, in ev'ry state,
Divine decrees remain unmov'd ;
No turns of providence abate
God's care for those he once hath lov'd.

2 Firmer than heav'n his cov'nant stands ;
Tho' earth should shake and skies depart,
We're safe in our REDEEMER's hands,
He bears our names upon his heart.

3 Our SAVIOR knows for whom he stood,
And gave himself a sacrifice ;
The souls, *once* sprinkled with his blood,
Possess a life that *never* dies.

4 Tho'

- 4 Tho' darkness spread around our tent,
Tho' fear prevail, and joy decline;
God will not of his oath repent;
Dear Lord, thy people still are thine.

CXIII.

CHRIST'S Resurrection.

- 1 **WHEN** I the holy grave survey,
Where once my SAVIOR deign'd to lye;
I see to heav'n a perfect way,
And all the pow'r of death defy.
- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
That weaks the bands of conquer'd death:
Sweet pledge, that all, who trust his name,
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath!
- 3 Our SURETY freed, declares us free,
For whose offences he was seiz'd:
In *his* release, *our own* we see,
And shout to view JEHOVAH pleas'd.
- 4 Jesus, once numbred with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives *their* cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 5 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold!
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too shalt bear an harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.

- 6 Tho' in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, blessed God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

CXIV.

At Dismission.

- 1 **D**ISSMISS us with thy blessing, LORD;
Make us to feed upon thy word;
Our faith confirm, our sins forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

CXV.

The same.

- 1 **F**ATHER, before we hence depart,
Send thy good SPIRIT down:
Let him reside in ev'ry heart,
And bless the seed that's sown.
- 2 Thou fountain of eternal love,
Who gav'st thy Son to die;
Let thy sweet unction, from above,
Enlighten and apply.

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CXVI.

At the Lord's Table.

- 1 **T**HOU very paschal LAMB,
Whose blood for us was shed;
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd people lead.
- 2 Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfil thy character:
To guard and feed thy chosen race,
In *Israel's* camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light:
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

CXVII.

Before or after Preaching.

- 1 **T**HANKS, for mercies past, receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.

- 2 Bless thy word to old and young,
Fill us with the SAVIOR's love;
And when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

CXVIII.

Heavenly Worship.

- 1 **O** For a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains;
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns!
- 2 There low before his glorious throne,
Adoring faints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head;
While sounding hallelujahs rise;
And love, and joy, and triumph, spread
Through all the regions of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand, thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the ransom'd of the LAMB
Shall join, at last, in heav'nly choir;
O may the joy inspiring theme
Now warm our hearts with holy fire!

- 6 Dear SAVIOR let thy SPIRIT seal
Our title to that blissful place;
'Till death removes this earthly veil,
And glory crowns thy saving grace.

CXIX.

The Nativity.

- 1 **H**ARK the glad sound! MESSIAH comes!
The SAVIOR, promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst;
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest fims of vice,
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind;
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with his righteousness and blood,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arch shall ring
With thy beloved name.

CXX.

Praise.

- 1 **T**HANKFUL for our ev'ry blessing,
Let us sing,
CHRIST the spring,
Never, never ceasing.
- 2 Source of all our gifts and graces,
CHRIST we own;
CHRIST alone
Calls for all our praises.
- 3 He dispels our sins and sadness;
Life imparts,
Cheers our hearts,
Fills with food and gladness.
- 4 He himself for us hath given:
Us he feeds,
Us he leads
To a feast in heaven.

CXXI.

Come LORD JESUS.

- 1 **C**OME thou dear and with'd-for JESUS,
Born to set thy people free:
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee;

Israel's

Isr'el's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all thy saints thou art;
 Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

- 2 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, and yet a king;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

CXXXII.

CHRIST *All in All.*

- 1 GENTLE JESUS, lovely LAMB,
 Thine, and only thine, I am;
 Take my body, spirit, soul,
 Only thou possesse the whole.

- 2 Thou my dearest object be,
 Let me ever cleave to thee;
 Let me choose the better part,
 Let me give thee all my heart.

- 3 Whom have I on earth below?
 Only thee I'd wish to know;
 Whom have I, in heav'n, but thee?
 Thou art all in all to me.

- 4 All my treasure is above,
All my riches is thy love:
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite! unsearchable.
- 5 Nothing else may I require,
Let me thee alone desire:
Pleas'd with what thy love provides;
Wean'd from all the world besides.

CXXIII.

1 COR. xiii. 13.

- 1 LOVE is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease:
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 2 When join'd to that harmonious throng
That fills the choir above;
Then shall we tune our golden harps
And ev'ry note be love.

CXXIV.

Behold the Man.

- 1 O Love divine, what hast thou done!
Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me;
The FATHER'S co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd,
My LORD, my love, is crucify'd!

2 Sinners

- 2 Sinners, behold, as ye pass by:
The bleeding prince of life and peace:
Come see, ye worms, your Maker die:
And say, was ever grief like his:
Come, feel with me his blood apply'd;
My LORD, my love, is crucify'd.
- 3 Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring his people back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
His church is purchas'd with his blood;
Pardon and life flow from his side;
My LORD, my love is crucify'd.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but dross,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing speak, or think beside;
But JESUS who was crucify'd.

CXXV.

Thanksgiving for the LORD's Day.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing:
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truths at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
O come, dear SPIRIT warm my breast!
Let all my soul in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My

- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless thy works, and bless thy word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 When to thy glory I remove,
My soul shall all be life and love;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

CXXVI.

The sure Foundation.

- 1 **C**HRIST is the sure foundation-stone,
Which God in Zion lays;
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore his name;
They rest their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The scribe, the pharisee, and priest,
Reject him with disdain;
But on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What tho' the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

CXXVII.
CHRIST our Strength.

- 1 **FOR** ever blessed be the **LORD**,
 My **SAVIOR** and my **shield**;
 Who sends his **SPIRIT** and his **word**,
 To arm me for the **field**.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
 He makes my soul his care;
 Instructs me in th' heav'nly fight,
 And guards me through the war.
- 3 **LORD**, what is feeble, dying man?
 A weak, and helpless race;
 O love divine! that thou should'st deign
 To visit him with grace!
- 4 A friend and helper so divine
 Does my weak courage raise;
 He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
 And his shall be the praise.

CXXVIII.

God's Omnipresence.

- 1 **IN** vain, O **LORD**, my soul would try,
 In all my busy hours;
 To shun the notice of thine eye,
 And fly thy sov'reign power.

2 But

2 But holy God; thy sight surveys
My rising, and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
And watch'd on ev'ry side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove;
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by lov'reign love.

CXXIX.

Desiring the Love of God.

1 **THOU** who' for sinners once wast slain,
Once dead, but now alive again;
Give me to know, to taste, to prove,
The pow'r and sweetness of thy love.

2 Give me to feel my sins forgiv'n,
And know myself an heir of heav'n;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And fill me with the love of God.

CXXX

To the TRINITY.

- 1 **L**ET heav'n and earth agree
The FATHER's name to sing;
Who gave us to the Son, that he
May us to glory bring.
- 2 Honor and equal love
Let God the Son receive,
Who saves us here, and prays above
That we with him may live.
- 3 Be everlasting praise
To God the SPIRIT giv'n;
Who sanctifies the chosen race,
And seals the heirs of heav'n.
- 4 Given, redeem'd, and seal'd,
We'll sing the ONE in THREE;
With FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT fill'd
To all eternity.

CXXXI

Public Worship.

- 1 **F**ATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
The souls before thy throne;
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek thee in thy Son.

2 On me, on all, some gifts bestow;
Some blessing now impart;
The seed of life eternal sow
In every waiting heart.

3 Refresh us with a heav'nly show'r
Of graces from above;
Till all receive the heart-felt power
Of everlasting love.

4 O FATHER, glorify thy SON,
And grant us this desire;
For Jesus' sake, the gift send down,
And answer us by fire.

5 Kindle the flame of love within;
Which may to heav'n ascend;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

CXXXII.

Gospel Invitation.

1 OH what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here:
Salvation, like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come,

- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your ev'ry burden bring!
Here love, unchanging love, abounds:
A deep celestial spring.
- 4 "Whoever will," (oh, gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bleis the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake.
- 5 This spring with living water flows,
And living joy imparts:
Come thirsty souls your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.
- 6 Millions of sinners, vile as you
Have here found life and peace:
Come thirsty souls, and prove it true:
And drink, adore, and bleis.

CXXXIII.

Mercy for Misery.

- 1 **M**ERCY is welcome news indeed,
To those that guilty stand;
Sinners, who feel the help they need,
Will love the helping hand.
- 2 Our Jesus does his alms dispose
To none, but to the poor;
For none but wounded sinners know
The comforts of his cure.

3 We've

- 3 We're wounded all, we've rob'd our God;
Exception none can boast:
But he that feels the heaviest load,
Will prize forgiveness most.
- 4 No reck'ning can we rightly keep;
No! none their debts can know:
Some souls are fifty talents deep,
And some five hundred owe.
- 5 But, let our debts be what they may,
However great or small:
As soon as we have thought to pay,
Our Lord forgives us all.
- 6 'Tis perfect poverty, alone,
That sets the soul at large;
While we can call one mine our own,
We have not full discharge.

CXXXIV.

Heb. ii. 16.

- 1 **N**OW let the saints declare
The praises of their King:
Bound by ten thousand ties they are,
His wondrous love to sing.
- 2 Not angels round the throne
Of Majesty above,
Are half so much oblig'd as we,
To our IMMANUEL'S love.
- 3 They

3 They never sunk so low,
They are not rais'd so high:
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of Majesty!

4 Less favor'd were the pow'rs,
Who in his image stood:
Their crowns are cheaper far than our's,
Our's cost the LAMB his blood.

5 The SAVIOR did not join
Their nature to his own:
For them he felt no pangs divine,
Nor breath'd a single groan.

6 May we with angels vie,
The SAVIOR to adore:
Our debts are greater far than theirs:
O let our love be more.

CLXXXV.

Escape for thy Life

1 **FLY**, ye awaken'd sinners fly!
Your case admits no stay:
The fountain's opened now for sin;
Come fly, to Jesus fly.

2 See from JAHANNUM's wounded side,
The blood and water flow:
Soon as you touch that purple tide,
Your souls are white as snow.

- 3 Thro' faith alone in Jesu's blood,
 Lost sinners find release.
 No gift or sacrifice for sin
 Will God accept, but HIS.

CXXXVI.

- 1 I Have tasted Canaan's grapes,
 And soon shall die to go
 Where my Lord the vineyard keeps,
 And where the clusters grow:
 There, on new and living wine,
 I shall with saints and angels feast;
 Banquet on the joys divine,
 And be my SAVIOR's guest.

- 2 Now I stand, thro' sov'reign grace,
 In linen white and clean;
 Wear IMMANUEL's righteousness,
 Which covers all my sin:
 Yet, tho' fully justify'd,
 I long to join his court above,
 Where the sight of him who dy'd
 Shall perfect me in love.

CXXXVII.

Pleading the Promise.

- 1 BY THEE, O my SAVIOR, stand,
 In ev'ry trying hour;
 Guard me with thy conq'ring hand,
 And hold me by thy pow'r;

Mindful

Mindful of thy faithful word,
Thine all-sufficient grace bestow:
Keep me, keep me, dearest Lord,
And never let me go.

- 2 Let me never leave thy breast,
Never from thee stray:
Thou art my support and rest,
My true and living way:
My exceeding great reward,
In heav'n above, and earth below!
Keep me, keep me, &c.
- 3 Never let me go, 'till I,
Soaring on wings of love,
Gain the regions of the sky,
And take my seat above:
Thou hast past thy gracious word,
That thou wilt bring me safely thro';
Thou wilt, therefore, keep me, LORD,
And never let me go.

CXXXVIII.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 **T**O praise redeeming love,
Dear Christians lend your voice:
O come, thou holy Dove,
And help us to rejoice!
Our hearts, too low, LORD, thou can'st raise;
Blest SPIRIT, blow, and we shall praise.

2 Here,

2 Here, LORD, may we admire
The riches of thy grace;
'Till thou shalt call us high'r,
There to behold thy face:
O height of grace! O depth of love!
LORD, fit us for thy heav'n above.

3 Who can thy love express?
Thy mercy ne'er decays:
What can our souls do less,
Than love thee all our days?
O may I praise with ev'ry breath!
And glorify thee unto death!

CXXXIX.

CHRIST our Strength.

1 LET me but hear my SAVIOR say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That CHRIST's own pow'r may rest on me:
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and CHRIST my song.

3 I can do all things, and can bear
All sufferings, if my LORD be there:
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his dear hand my head sustains.

4 Kindly

- 4 Kindly he brings me to the place
Where stands the banquet of his grace:
And when I faint, he o'er my head
The banner of his love will spread.
- 5 May each blest moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve my joys;
'Till I am rais'd to sing thy name.
At the great banquet of the LAMB.

CXL.

The Benefit of CHRIST's Redemption.

- i **H**OW heavy is the night
That closes up our eyes,
'Till CHRIST, with his reviving light,
Upon our souls arise.
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n;
But, in CHRIST's righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiv'n.
- 3 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down,
When justice claims the sinner's blood,
The SAVIOR shews his own.
- 4 LORD, we adore thy ways
That brings us near to God;
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thy atoning blood.

CXLI.

The Divine Perfections.

1 **THE** LORD JEHOVAH reigns;

His throne is built on high;

The garments he assumes

Are light and majesty :

His glories shine with beams so bright,

No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand

Keep the wide world in awe ;

His wrath and justice stand

To guard his holy law :

And where he once resolves to bless,

His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Thro' all his antient works,

Unbounded wisdom shines;

He breaks the pow'rs of hell,

And blasts their vast designs :

Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill

His great decrees, and sov'reign will.

4 And can this mighty King

Of glory condescend ?

And will he write his name

My *Father*, and my *Friend* ?

I love his name ; I bless his word :

Join, all my pow'rs, to praise the LORD.

CXLII.

CHRIST'S Glory.

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove !
Stoop down and take us on thy wings;
And bear our Spirits far above
The reach of earth's inferior things.
- 2 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty FATHER'S throne !
There sits our SAVIOR, crown'd with light,
Cloath'd with a body like our own.
- 3 Adoring saints around him stand,
And angel pow'rs before him fall :
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 4 O may we reach that blessed place
Where he his beauties does unfold !
Where we shall see him face to face,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

CXLIII.

Time and Eternity.

- 1 **T**HE year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave :
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves the number less.
- 3 Dangers stand thick, thro' all the ground,
To pull us in the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death.
- 5 Waken LORD, our drowsy sense,
To walk this awful road;
And when our souls are taken hence,
May they be found with God!

EXLIV.

Ingratitude.

- 1 **I**S this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to forget the source of love,
Whence all our blessings flow!
- 2 We, for whom CHRIST came down,
And labor'd for our good;
Shall we, so dis-esteem the crown
He purchas'd with his blood?

- 3 O LORD thy word fulfill! get flow
 Help us to act our parts!
 Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
 And sit, and warm our hearts.
- 4 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
 And mould our souls afresh!
 Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
 And give us hearts of flesh.
- 5 Let past ingratitude
 Provoke our weeping eyes:
 And as new mercies daily fall,
 Let daily thanks arise.

CXLV.

Election, unchangeable.

- 1 BRETHREN, would you know your stay,
 What 'tis supports you still;
 Why, tho' tempted ev'ry day,
 Ye stand, and stand ye will?
- 2 God's election is the ground
 Of all our comforts here;
 On this rock our hopes we foundly
 This keeps our title clear.
- 3 Graceless infidels may laugh,
 Pharisees gain say and rail;
 God's elect shall still be safe,
 And never, never fail.

- 4 No! we build upon a base
That never can remove,
When we trust electing grace,
And everlasting love.
- 5 Vict'ry over all our foes
CHRIST hath purchas'd with his blood;
Perseverance he bestows
On ev'ry child of God.

CXLVI.

Admiration.

- 1 LORD when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And see my MAKER's broken laws
Repair'd and honor'd by thy cross;
- 2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine;
And see the man, that groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by his FATHER's side;
- 3 My soul would rise and soar above,
Be wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love!
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.
- 4 And soon, the time will soon appear,
When I shall leave my prison here;
This house of clay, and mount on high,
To join in songs beyond the sky.

CXLVII.

Restoration.

WHAT tho' our inbred sins require
Our flesh should see the dust?
Yet, as the LORD our SAVIOR role,
So all his people must.

2 There is a heav'nly rest above,
Reserv'd against that day:
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And fadeth not away.

3 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
'Till this salvation come:
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
'Till CHRIST shall take us home.

CXLVIII.

The witnessing Spirit.

WHY should the children of the king
Go mourning all their days?
Great COMFORTER, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
O bannish then, my sore complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n.

3 Affure my conscience of its part
In the REDEEMER'S blood;
And bring this witness in my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come:
On thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Convey me safely home.

CXLIX.

Gospel Times.

1 **H**OW glorious is this news!
How sweet these tidings are!
Sion, behold thy SAVIOR king;
He reigns and triumphs here.

2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound;
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

3 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight.

4 We never can repay
The debt of love we owe;
Lord may we give ourselves to thee,
And all thy goodness know.

CL.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below;
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he alone that cleans'd our sins;
That wash'd us in his precious blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings
And brings us rebels back to God.
- 3 To Jesus our anointing priest,
To Jesus, our exalted king,
Be everlasting praise addrest,
And ev'ry tongue his glory ring!

CLI.

The Saint's security.

- 1 **I**MMOVEABLE thy promise stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust:
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 **C**HRIST'S honor is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep:
All that his heav'nly FATHER gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove,
His fav'rites from his breast:
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

4 JESUS the LORD will guard them safe
From ev'ry ill design:
And to his heav'nly kingdom keep
This helpless soul of mine.

5 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone:
But all who love, and long to see,
Th' approaching of his Son.

CLII.

Looking out for CHRIST.

1 I Love the windows of thy grace,
Through which my LORD is seen;
I long to view my SAVIOR's face,
Without a glass between.

2 The happy hour will quickly come,
That changes faith to sight:
When I shall see my LORD, at home,
In all his glorious light.

3 Haste, my beloved, and remove
These interposing days:
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my pow'rs be praise.

CLII

Safety in CHRIST.

1. **JOIN** all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak CHRIST's worth,
Too mean to set my SAVIOR forth.
2. To this dear SAVIOR's hands,
My soul, commend thy cause;
He answers and fulfills
His FATHER's broken laws:
Believing souls now free are set,
For CHRIST hath paid their dreadful debt.
3. Jesus my great high priest,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
4. My advocate appears,
In my defence on high:
The FATHER stops and hears,
And lays his thunder by:
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart, his love, away.

- 5 Then let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
The feeblest saint shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

CLIV.

CHRIST'S Ability to save.

- 1 O For a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and king,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
And bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the pow'r of death and sin,
He sets the prisoners free;
His blood can wash the foulest clean,
A sinner vile as *me*.
- 4 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ:
Ye blind, behold a SAVIOR come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 5 Harlots, and publicans, and thieves,
In holy triumph join!
Sav'd is the sinner, that believes,
From crimes as great as *mine*.

- 6 Trust in his name, and ye shall know;
 Shall feel your sins forgiv'n;
 Anticipate your heav'n below,
 And own, his love is heav'n.

CLV.

The Attempt.

- 1 **O** How shall dust thy praise declare,
 When angels try in vain?
 And veil their eyes when they appear,
 Before the SON of MAN!
- 2 Yet Lord, we cannot silent be:
 By love we are constrain'd
 To offer our best thanks to thee,
 Our SAVIOR and our friend.
- 3 Worship and honor, thanks and love,
 Be to our JESUS giv'n;
 By saints below, and hosts above,
 'Till we are call'd to heav'n!

CLVI.

Free Justification.

- 1 **I**N vain do blind free-willers try
 By works themselves to justify:
 Thy righteousness, O God, alone,
 Can cancel sins that they have done.

2 Proud

- 2 Proud *Pharisees* shall strive in vain,
The laws perfection to attain;
While sinners self-condemn'd, receive
The gift of righteousness, and live.
- 3 JESUS, *thy* life hath clearly show'd
What means the *righteousness* of God:
On thee thy people's hope is laid,
By *thy* obedience righteous made.
- 4 And where thy righteousness is giv'n,
Thy SPIRIT sanctifies for heav'n,
And still renews us by his grace,
Till perfected in holiness.
- 5 Tho' nothing in ourselves we are,
Through HIM we shun the sinful snare:
In ev'ry straight, his hand we see;
And as our day, our strength shall be.

CLVII.

Happiness of Saints departed.

- 1 HOW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free!
With JESUS they are now at rest,
And all his glory see.
- 2 Worthy the LAMB aloud they cry,
That brought us here to God:
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout,
The merit of his blood.

3 Sweet

- 3 Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
Ambitious to proclaim,
Before the FATHER'S glorious throne
The honors of the LAMB.
- 4 With wond'ring joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past;
And bless the wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.
- 5 LORD, let the merit of thy death,
To me be likewise giv'n;
And I, with them, shall shout thy praise
Through all the hosts of heav'n.

CLVIII.

God's Presence makes Death delightful.

- 1 MIGHT I but climb to Pisgab's top
And view the promis'd land,
My soul would long her flesh to drop,
And pray for the command.
- 2 Death cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there;
Soft is the passage through the shade,
And all the prospect fair.
- 3 Swift to the place of pure delight,
Where saints triumphant reign;
My soul would wing her joyful flight,
From sorrow, sin, and pain.

4 There

- 4 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow stream divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 5 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old *Canaan* stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 6 O could I make my fears remove,
Those gloomy fears that rise:
And see the *Canaan*, which I love,
With open rapt'rous eyes.
- 7 Clasp'd in my FATHER'S arms
I would forget to breathe;
And lose my life amidst the charms
Of so divine a death.

CLIX.

To the TRINITY.

- 1 **E**TERNAL FATHER, we adore
And joyful own thy name:
Thou wait, and art, and evermore
Remainest God the same.
- 2 To thee, REDEEMER, LAMB of GOD,
Our praise shall never cease:
Through thy most precious, healing blood,
Flows all our happiness.

3. Hail

- 3 Hail, promis'd Saviour, Holy & Good;
Sent down for Israel's guide:
Thee will we bless, when time is lost,
And we are glorify'd.

CLX.

CHRIST in Glory.

- 1 I Long to behold him array'd,
With glory and power above;
The king in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love:
I trust, through his grace, to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode:
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

- 2 With him I on Zion shall stand
(For Jesus hath spoken the word),
The breadth of IMMANUEL's land
Survey by the light of my LORD:
And when on thy bosom reclin'd,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fulness of bliss I shall find,
My heaven of heaven, in thee.

- 3 How happy the people that dwell
At rest in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness nor sorrow they prove:

Physician

Physician of souls—unto me
A part in thy righteousness give
So shall thou, when death sets me free,
My soul to the city receive

CLXI
Resting under the Cross.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of Isr'el, see what shade
The cross does us afford!
It was for weary sinners made:
For all that love the LORD.
- 2 *Gethsemane* can witness still,
How meekly there he cry'd out,
So can the brow of Calvary's hill,
Where our dear Jesus dy'd.
- 3 We sing thy righteousness and blood,
And agonizing pain:
We sing thy griefs, thou dying God,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain.
- 4 We sing thy joy, that heaviness
Did once oppress thy soul:
For in thy grief we find our ease,
Thy stripes have made us whole.
- 5 While others sing the unknown God,
We each will sing of thee;
Jesus hath wash'd me in his blood,
And liv'd and dy'd for me.

CLXII

Gratitude.

- 1 **H**AIL, thou once despised Jesus;
Hail, thou Galilean king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
- 2 **P**aschal LAMB, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
- 3 All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood:
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 4 **J**ESUS, hail, enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee
Seated at thy FATHER's side.
- 5 There for sinners thou art pleading
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceeding,
'Till in glory we appear.
- 6 **W**orship, honor, pow'r, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

7 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our SAVIOR's merits;
Help to chaunt IMMANUEL's praise.

8 Soon we shall with those in glory,
His transcendent grace relate;
Gladly sing th' amazing story
Of his dying love so great.

9 In that blessed contemplation,
We for evermore shall dwell;
Crown'd with bliss and consolation,
Such as none below can tell.

CLXIII.

1 NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Blest LAMB, be glory giv'n!
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heav'n.

2 The host of spirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems sing;
To imitate them here, so we
Our hallelujahs bring.

3 Had we our tongues like them imp'd,
Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them, we never should be tired,
But love the sacrifice.

- 4 'Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when we reach JEHOVAH's throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

CLXIV. *Christ's Commission.*

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs,
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Sing, how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose;
And bid him lift our sinful race,
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears
No terror cloaths his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When CHRIST was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And trust redeeming grace.

CLXV
To the TRINITY.

1. **B**LEST be the FATHER, and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2. Glory to thee, great Son of God!
Forth from thy wounded body flows,
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3. We give the sacred SPIRIT praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living streams of grace arise,
And into endless glory flow.

4. Thus God the FATHER, God the SON,
And God the SPIRIT we adore:
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

CLXVI.
EPHES. iii. 12.

1. **O**F him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing:
Arise ye guilty, he'll forgive:
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

2. Eternal

- 2 Eternal LORD, Almighty King,
All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring!
Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,
Devils with force, and men with love!
- 3 To purge our sins, CHRIST shed his blood,
He dy'd to bring us near to God.
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love could show.

CLXVII.

In Affliction.

- 1 O Blessed God, thy gracious will,
Most sov'reign is, and free;
And all created things fulfill
Thy absolute decree.
- 2 The States of all thy creatures show,
That thy whole will shall stand;
Nor can their utmost pow'r overthrow
Thy word, or stay thy hand.
- 3 Had I but knowlege to discern
Thy wisdom, love, and pow'r;
From ev'ry sorrow I should learn
To thank thee more and more.
- 4 Then turn thee to thy rest my soul,
And kiss the needful rod;
Nor seek thy sov'reign to controul,
But know that he is God.

CLXVIII.

Providence.

1. **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill;
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful fairs, fresh courage take
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

CLXIX.

Faith in Eternity.

1 **T**HIS GOD is the GOD we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis JESUS the first and the last,
Whose SPIRIT shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

CLXX.

Finished Salvation.

1 " 'TIS FINISH'D," the REDEEMER said,
And meekly bow'd his dying head:
Whilst we this sentence scan,
Come, sinners, and observe the word!
Behold the conquests of our LORD
Complete for helpless man.

2 FINISH'D the righteousness of grace;
FINISH'D, for sinners, pard'ning peace;
Their mighty debt is PAID:
Accusing law cancell'd by blood,
And wrath of an offended God
In sweet oblivion laid.

3 Who

3 Who now shall urge a second claim?
The law no longer can condemn;
Faith a release can show:
Justice itself a friend appears;
The prison-house a whisper hears,
"Loose him, and let him go."

4 O unbelief, injurious bar!
Source of tormenting, slavish fear!
Why dost thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
"'TIS FINISH'D," still shall answer all,
And silence ev'ry cry.

5 His work divinely FINISH'D stands:
And O! the praise his love demands,
Careful may we attend!
Conclusion to the whole be this;
Because salvation FINISH'D is,
Our thanks shall never end.

CLXXI.

PSALM lxxxvii. 7.

1 **T**O whom, dear Jesus, oh, to whom
Should needy sinners flee,
But to thyself, who bid'st us come,
Our springs are all in thee.

2 Some tempted, weak, and trembling faint
Before thee now may be:
Let not his hopes or wishes faint,
His springs are all in thee.

3 The

3 The poor supply, the wounded heal;
Let sinners such as we,
Salvation's blessings taste and feel!
Our springs are all in thee.

4 When we arrive at Zion's hill,
And all thy glories see;
Our joyful songs shall echo still,
Our springs are all in thee.

CLXXII.

Dismission.

1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace!
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospels joyful sound:
Let the fruits of thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives abound!
May thy presence
With us, evermore, be found.

3 So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with CHRIST in endless day.

CLXXIII.

Resignation.

- 1 **G**REAT God, create my soul anew,
Conform my will to thine:
Melt down my heart, and let it flow,
And take the mold divine.
- 2 Seize my whole frame into thy hand;
Here all my pow'rs I bring:
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern ev'ry spring.
- 3 O may my feet no more depart,
Nor wand'ring senses rove;
Nor let my unbelieving heart
Arraign the God I love!
- 4 Then not the sun shall, more than I,
His MAKER's will perform;
Nor travel swifter thro' the sky,
Nor burn with zeal so warm.

CLXXIV.

Looking within the Vail.

- 1 **S**ERAPHS, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move, and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

2 JESUS,

- 2 JESUS, the LORD, their harps employs;
 JESUS, my love, they sing:
 JESUS, the life of all our joys,
 Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.
- 3 Hark ! how beyond the narrow bounds
 Of time and space they run;
 And echo in majestic sounds
 The GODHEAD of the Son !
- 4 But when to *Calvary* they turn,
 Silent their harps abide,
 Suspended songs, a moment, mourn
 The GOD that lov'd, and dy'd.
- 5 Then all at once, to living strains
 They summon every chord;
 Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
 And chaunt the rising LORD.
- 6 Now let me mount and join their song,
 And be an angel too ;
 My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
 Here's joyful work for you.
- 7 I would begin the music here,
 And so my soul should rise :
 O for some heav'nly notes to bear
 My passions to the skies !
- 8 There ye, that love my SAVIOR, sit :
 There I would fain have place,
 Among your thrones, or at your feet,
 So I might see his face.

CLXXV.

PSALM cxlvii. 1.

'TIS pleasant to sing
The sweet praise of our King,
As here in the valley we move:
'Twill be pleasanter still,
When we stand on the hill,
And give thanks t' our SAVIOR above.

CLXXVI.

CHRIST dying and reigning.

- 1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo, *Salem's* daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of precious blood.
- 2 Here's love and grief, beyond degree;
The LORD of glory dies for men:
But, lo, what sudden joy we see!
JESUS, the dead revives again.
The rising God forsakes his tomb;
Up to his FATHER'S court he flies:
Seraphic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great deliv'rer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains :
Say, " live for ever, wondrous king,
" Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask the monster, " Where's thy sting ?"
And, " Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

CLXXVII.

JOHN xvi. 1—4.

- 1 SAVIOR, LORD, who at thy death
Peace didst to thy church bequeath :
Now confer thy peace on me,
Give me now *my* legacy.
- 2 Grant me for thy merit's sake,
(Me who no return can make !)
That which I can never buy :
Save, and freely justify.
- 3 Now the HOLY GHOST impart ;
Let him breathe into my heart
Joy which none can take away,
Grace which shall for ever stay.
- 4 Send him to disperse my fears ;
Bid him wipe away my tears :
Fix his dwelling in my breast,
Seal of my eternal rest.

CLXXVIII.

Before Sermons.

1 **D**EAREST SAVIOR, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wond'rous love!
Pour thy grace upon this people,
Waiting to receive thy word:
Bless, O bless us,
From thy shining courts above.

2 Now thy gracious word invites us
To partake the gospel-feast:
Let thy SPIRIT sweetly draw us;
Ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest!
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

CLXXIX.

Love to CHRIST.

1 **D**O not I love thee, dearest LORD?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear?
Does not each pulse with rapture beat,
My SAVIOR's voice to hear?

- 3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest LORD;
But O! I long to soar
Far from this sphere of mortal eyes,
And learn to love thee more.

CLXXX.

Veni Creator.

1 **HOLY SPIRIT**, gently come,
Raise us from our fallen state;
Fix thy everlasting home
In the souls thou didst create:
Gift of GOD most high,
Visit ev'ry troubled breast!
Light, and life, and love apply,
Lead us into perfect rest.

2 Heav'nly unction from above,
Comforter of weary saints,
Fount of life, and fire of love,
Hear and answer our complaints:
Come! O come, and show
What our LORD for us hath done;
Make us GOD the FATHER know,
Only in and through his SON.

- 3 Praise we to the FATHER bring,
 Source and sov'reign LORD of all:
 Praises to the SON we sing,
 Who redeem'd us from the fall:
 GOD the HOLY GHOST,
 Equal glory be to thee;
 When the course of time is lost,
 Lost in wide eternity.

CLXXXI.

Secure in CHRIST.

- 1 **F**OR us the dear REDEEMER dy'd:
 Why are we then ashamed?
 We stand for ever justify'd,
 And cannot be condemn'd.
- 2 Tho' we believe not, he is true:
 The work is in his hand:
 His gracious counsel he will do,
 And all his word shall stand.
- 3 If once the love of CHRIST we feel
 Upon our hearts impress,
 The mark of that celestial seal
 Can never be eras'd.
- 4 The LORD will scourge us, if we stray,
 And wound us with distress:
 But he will never take away
 His covenant of peace.

- 5 The peace which Jesus' blood procures,
And fixes in our hearts;
To all eternity endures,
And never can depart.

CLXXXII.

Unchangeable Love.

- 1 IF Jesus is ours,
We have a sure friend,
Whose goodness endures
The same to the end:
Our comforts may vary,
Our frames may decline;
We cannot miscarry!
Our aid is divine.
- 2 Tho' God may delay
To shew us his light,
And heaviness may
Endure for a night;
Yet joy in the morning
Shall surely abound:
No shadow of turning
In Jesus, is found.
- 3 The hills may depart,
And mountains remove:
But faithful thou art,
O fountain of love!

The FATHER hath graven,
Our names on thy hands;
Our building in heaven
Eternally stands.

4 A moment he hid
The light of his face;
Yet firmly decreed
To save us by grace.
And tho' he reprov'd us,
And still may reprove;
For ever he lov'd us,
And ever will love.

5 Then tune ev'ry string
To JESUS's name!
With angels we'll sing
The song of the LAMB:
Thee ev'ry believer
Shall joyfully praise;
Thou bountiful giver
Of glory and grace.

CLXXXIII.

Gospel Holiness.

1 'TIS faith, that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith, that works by love;
That bids our sinful joys depart,
And lifts our thoughts above.

2 Faith

- 2 Faith must obey her FATHER'S will;
As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.
- 3 When from the law he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he send his SON to be
The minister of sin.
- 4 His SPIRIT sanctifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus and his salvation came
By water and by blood.
- 5 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the regions peace:
No wanton lips, no envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 6 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame:
None shall obtain admittance there,
But follow'rs of th' LAMB.

CLXXXIV.

Self-Righteousness renounced.

- 1 NO more, great God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
And trust the merits of thy SON.

2 Now,

- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count but loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Help! O help me, ever t'esteem,
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of *his righteousness* partake!
- 4 The best performance of my hand,
Dares not appear before thy throne:
But faith can answer all demands,
By pleading what my LORD hath done.

CLXXXV.

CHRIST our Wisdom.

- 1 **M**ADE unto me, O LORD my God,
Wisdom divine thou art;
The light, which first my weakness shew'd,
Still searches out my heart.
- 2 Thy SPIRIT breathing in the word,
Gave me myself to see;
Fallen, till by thy grace restor'd,
And lost, till found in thee.
- 3 Jesus, of all my hopes the ground,
Through thee thy name I know,
The only name where health is found,
Whence life and blessing flow.
- 4 Thou

4 Thou art the truth: I now receive
The unction from above;
Divinely taught of thee, believe,
And feel that thou art love.

5 Still with thy grace anoint mine eyes;
Throughour my darkness shine:
O make me to salvation wise;
My ALL, be ever mine.

CLXXXVI

CHRIST our Righteousness.

1 JESUS, thou art my righteousness,
For all my sins were thine;
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made him mine.

2 For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, this all my plea,
For me the SAVIOR dy'd.

3 My dying SAVIOR, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

4 Wash me, and seal me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!

5 From

- 5 From ev'ry proud, self-righteous boast,
Sweet JESUS, let me free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
And give *thyself* to me.
- 6 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
'Till faith to sight improve;
'Till hope in full fruition dye,
And all my soul be love.

CLXXXVII

CHRIST our Sanctification.

- 1 JESUS, my life, thyself apply,
Thine HOLY SPIRIT breathe:
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.
- 2 Conq'r or of hell, and earth, and sin,
Thy work in me revive:
Enter my soul and reign within,
And kill and make alive.
- 3 More of thy life I wish to have,
And thirst for fresh supplies:
Bury me, SAVIOR, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Rule in me, LORD; thy foes controul,
Which would not own thy sway:
Diffuse thy likeness thro' my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

- 5 O save me from the pow'r of Sin;
And seal me thine abode;
Thine image stamp, and make me thine
A temple meet for God.
- 6 My inward holiness thou art,
Almighty to refine:
With all thy fulness fill my heart,
'Till all my heart be thine.

CLXXXVIII.

To the TRINITY.

- 1 **T**HEE, FATHER of men
And angels, we praise;
Whose wonders are seen
In nature and grace:
The book of salvation
Thy goodness proclaims,
Where sov'reign compassion
Hath written our names.
- 2 Thee, JESUS, the SON
Of God we confess,
Whose merit alone
Hath purchas'd our peace:
With cherubs before thee,
And seraphs we fall;
And prostrate adore thee,
The maker of all.

3 O SPIRIT of might,
Of joy, and of love,
Who guidest us right,
To mansions above;
Whose hallowing graces
For heaven prepare;
We pay thee our praises,
'Till glorify'd there.

4 There, there we shall see
The persons divine;
And, fashion'd like thee,
Transcendently shine:
Thy wonderful essence
Know how to explain;
And, wrapt in thy presence,
Eternally reign.

CLXXXIX.

Col. iii. 3, 4.

1 OUR life is hid with CHRIST in GOD;
Our life shall soon appear,
And spread his glory all abroad;
In us his members here.

2 The heav'nly treasure now we have
In this mean house of clay;
Which CHRIST hath undertook to save,
And guard against that day.

- 3 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he will keep them still;
And ev'ry ransom'd soul shall stand
With him on *Sign's* hill:
- 4 And if our fellowship below
In JESUS is so sweet,
What heav'nly pleasures shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!

OKC.

Glory in the Highest.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky:
Peace on earth and men forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n!
- 2 CHRIST our LORD and God we own,
CHRIST the FATHER's only SON,
LAMB of GOD for sinners slain,
SAVIOR of offending man.
- 3 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear our soul's atonement thou,
JESU, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take, our sins away.
- 4 Pow'rful advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, our soul's atonement thou!

5 Thou,

- 5 Thou, his co-eternal Son,
Art with thy great FATHER ONE;
One the HOLY GHOST with thee;
One supreme, eternal Three!

CXCI.

ZECH. ix. 12.

- 1 YE pris'ners of hope,
Who bitterly grieve,
To JESUS look up,
And dare to believe:
Declare the condition,
And state you are in,
And CHRIST the physician
Will cure you of sin.

- 2 "None will I cast out
Who come," saith the LORD:
Then why will you doubt?
Lay hold of his word!
Ye mourners in Sion,
Be bold to believe;
For ever rely on
Your SAVIOR, and live!

- 3 O JESUS, to thee
I turn me for aid,
Whose mercy for me
Atonement hath made:

Accept

Accept of me freely;
Thy love shed abroad;
And let me now feel thee
My SAVIOR and GOD.

CHORUS

The Prayer of Faith.

- 1 **D**EAR SAVIOR, sweetly bind me
Fast to thy wounded side;
And evermore remind me,
That thou for me hast dy'd;
I wish to feel thy SPIRIT
For ever in me shine,
Revealing thy blest merit
To this cold heart of mine.
- 2 I trust that my salvation
Is certain thro' thy love;
And grant, on each occasion,
That I may thankful prove
My sins thou hast forgiven;
Thy righteousness I wear;
And I shall go to heaven,
To praise thy goodness there.
- 3 Thou never wilt forsake me,
But save me thro' thy name;
And up to glory take me,
Poor sinner as I am.

Until

Until the crown is given,
 And I with thee appear,
 Be this my constant heaven,
 To feel thy presence here.

CXCIV

PSALM clv.

- 1 **PRAISE** the LORD, who reigns above,
 And keeps his courts below;
 Praise the holy God of love,
 And all his greatness show:
 Praise him for his noble deeds,
 Praise him for his matchless pow'r;
 Him, from whom all good proceeds,
 Let heav'n and earth adore.
- 2 Publish, spread to all around,
 The great IMMANUEL's name:
 Let the trumpet's martial sound
 Him LORD of hosts proclaim:
 Praise him, ev'ry tuneful string,
 All the reach of heav'nly art!
 All the pow'rs of music bring:
 The music of the heart.
- 3 Him, in whom they move and live,
 Let ev'ry creature sing;
 Glory to their MAKER give,
 And homage to their KING:

Hallow'd

Hallow'd be his name beneath;
 As in heav'n, on earth ador'd!
 Praise the LORD in ev'ry breath;
 Let all things praise the LORD.

CXCIV.

Perseverance.

- 1 **T**HE sinner, who, by precious faith,
 Has felt his sins forgiv'n,
 Is, from that moment, past from death,
 And seal'd an heir of heav'n.
- 2 Tho' thousand snares enclose his feet,
 Not one shall hold him fast:
 Whatever dangers he may meet,
 He *shall* get safe at last.
- 3 Not as the world, the SAVIOR gives;
 He is no fickle friend:
 Whom once he loves, he never leaves,
 "But loves him to the end."
- 4 Unnumber'd savage beasts of prey
 Around the forest roam:
 But *Judab's* lion guards the way,
 And guides his children home.
- 5 Thy faithful SPIRIT ever near,
 Our sure defence will be;
 And we, O LORD, shall persevere,
 Because preserv'd by thee.

CXCIV.

Free Grace.

- 1 **L**ET me, my SAVIOR and my God,
On *sov'reign grace* rely;
And own 'tis free, because bestow'd
On one so vile as I.
- 2 *Election!* 'tis a word divine;
For, LORD, I plainly see,
Had not thy choice prevented mine,
I ne'er had chosen thee.
- 3 For *perseverance*, strength I've none;
But would on this depend,
Thou, Jesus, having lov'd thine own,
Will love them to the end.
- 4 Empty and bare, I come to thee
For righteousness divine:
O may thy glorious merits be,
By *imputation*, mine.
- 5 FREE GRACE alone can wipe the tears
From my lamenting eyes:
And raise my soul, from guilty fears,
To joy that never dies.
- 6 FREE GRACE can death itself out-brave;
And take the sting away:
Can sinners to the utmost save,
And them to heav'n convey.

CXCVI.

Psalm C.

- 1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the LORD with chearful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 The LORD ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the LORD our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

CXCVII.

Affurance of Faith.

- 1 **A** Debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant-mercy I sing;
Nor fear with CHRIST's righteousness on,
My person and off'rings to bring;

The

The terror of law, and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My SAVIOR's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is *yea* and *amen*,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Imprest on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is giv'n;
More happy, but *not* more secure,
Are glorify'd spirits in heav'n.

CXCVIII.

Psalms civ.

1 MY soul, praise the LORD,
Speak good of his name,
O LORD our great God
How dost thou appear!

So passing in glory,
 That great is thy fame,
 Honor and majesty,
 In thee shine most clear.

2 With light as a robe
 Thou hast thyself clad,
 Whereby all the earth
 Thy greatness may see;
 The heavens in such sort
 Thou also hast spread,
 That they to a curtain
 Compared may be.

3 His chamber-beams lie
 In the clouds full sure,
 Which as his chariots
 Are made him to bear;
 And there with much swiftness
 His course doth endure,
 Upon the wings riding
 Of winds in the air.

4 He maketh his spirits
 As heralds to go,
 And lightnings to serve
 We see also prest;
 His will to accomplish
 They run to and fro;
 To save or consume things,
 As seemeth him best.

EXCISE.
This be our one request,
This grace to us give.

PSALM CXXV. *Second Part.*
I have leaning on thy breast.

1 **T**HOSE that do place their confidence
Upon the Lord our God only,
And flee to him for their defence
In all their need and misery:
Their faith is sure still to endure
Grounded on Christ the corner stone:
Mov'd with no ill, but standeth sure,
Stedfast like to the mount Sion.

2 And as about Jerusalem,
The mighty hills do it compass;
So that no foes can come to them,
To hurt that town in any case:
So God indeed, in ev'ry need
His faithful people doth defend:
Standing them by assuredly
From this time forth, world without end.

Through his eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of hosts

Leaning on the Rock
And in the strength of Jesus Christ

1 **O**UR most indulgent Father,
Teach us thy love to find,
To triumph in thy favor,
And know thy Spirit's mind.

The canopy of God:
And take to arm you for the fight

This grace to us be given,
This be our one request,
To want no other heaven,
Than leaning on thy breast.

2 The place of John we cover,
More than a seraph's throne,
To rest in our Beloved,
And breath our final groan;
On thee alone relying
To loose our sin and pain;
And on thy bosom dying,
Our life eternal gain.

CCCL
Put on the whole Armor of God.

PART I

1 **SOLDIERS** of Christ arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son:

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty pow'r;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endu'd,
And take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through CHRIST alone,
And stand secure at last.

PART III.

- 1 Let truth the girdle be
That binds our armor on;
In faithful, firm sincerity,
To JESUS cleave alone;
2 Let faith and love combine
To guard your valiant breast;
The plate be righteousness divine,
Imputed and impress'd:
3 Still let our feet be shod,
Ready his will to do:
Ready in all the ways of God,
His glory to pursue:
4 Ruin is spread beneath,
The gospel shoes put on,
And safe, through all the mares of death,
To life eternal run.

PART III.

- 1 Jesus hath dy'd for you!
What can his love withstand?
Your great defence he is, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?

Believe

2 Believe that Jesus reigns,
All pow'r to him is giv'n;
Believe, be free from nature's chains,
And then fly up to heav'n.

3 Your rock can never shake,
Hither he saith, come up;
The helmet of salvation take,
The confidence of hope:

4 Hope for his perfect love,
Hope for his people's rest,
Hope to sit down with CHRIST above,
And share the marriage feast.

PART IV.

1 Brandish in faith, till then,
The SPIRIT'S two-edg'd sword,
Hew all the snares of fiends and men
In pieces with the word.

2 Ready for all alarms,
Stedfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
And use your ev'ry grace:

3 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, 'come,
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
To take the conquerors home.

CCII.

JEHOVAH-jireh.

THO' troubles assail, and dangers allfright,
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all
Let one thing secure us, whatever betide,
The scripture assures us, the Lord will

2 The birds without barn, and storehouse are
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His fairs what is needful shall ne'er be
Solong as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We all like the ships by tempests are tost
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost;
Tho' satan engages the wind and the tide,
The scripture engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey like Abr'am of old,
We know not the way, yet faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers, we have a safe
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will

5 When

5 When satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith:
He cannot take from us, tho' off he hath try'd,
That heart-cheering promise, *the LORD will provide.*

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our spirits have
try'd, *the LORD will provide.*

This answers all questions, the LORD will

7 No strength of our own or goodness we claim,
Our trust we repose in JESU'S great name:
In this our strong tow'r for safety we hide,
The LORD is our pow'r, *the LORD will provide.*

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us
through: *[our side,*
No fearing, nor doubting, with CHRIST on
We hope to die shouting, *the LORD will provide.*

ECCL.
GOD ALL in ALL.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
My soul on thee depends,
Convinc'd that ev'ry perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And pow'r and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive;
Unless (in answer to our LORD)
Thou dost thy blessing give.

4 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of ev'ry virtuous thought,
And righteous work, is thine.

5 From thee through Jesus, we receive
Power on thee to call;
In thee we are, and move, and live,
Our God is ALL in ALL.

CCIV.

God's Goodness to his People.

1 **T**HE LORD supplies his people's need,
JEHOVAH is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes them feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings their wand'ring spirits back,
When they forsake his ways,
And leads them for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When

- 3 When they walk thro' the shades of death,
His presence is their stay;
A word of his supporting breath
Drives all their fears away.
- 4 His hand in sight of all their foes
Doth still their table spread;
Their cup with blessing overflows,
His oil anoints their head.
- 5 The sure provisions of our God,
Attend us all our days;
O may his house be our abode,
And all our work be praise!

CCV.

CHRIST'S Nativity.

- 1 **H**OW blest is the season,
Which now does appear!
Bow down sense and reason;
Faith only reigns here.
Tis heard by meer nature
With coldness and scorn,
That God our creator
An infant was born.
- 2 Lost souls to recover
And form them afresh,
Our wonderful lover
Took flesh of our flesh;

Arise then, O sinner, now ye who
Awake to this morn
And hail the Redeemer
At *Bethlehem* born

3 Ye drunkards, ye swearers,
Ye muck-worms of earth
Repent, and be sharers
In this blessed birth!
From sin to release us,
That yoke so long worn,
The holy child Jesus
Of *Mary* was born.

4 Oppressors, transgressors,
Of ev'ry degree,
And formal professors,
The worst of the three,
With tears of contrition
Your foolishness mourn:
To give you remission
IMMANUEL's born.

5 Ye vilest of creatures
Backsliders so base,
Bold rebels and traitors,
Abusers of grace,
Come cease your backslidings
And once more return:
Receive the glad tidings,
A *SAVIOUR* is born.

- 6 And ye who sincerely
 Confide in the LAMB,
 (He loves you most dearly)
 Rejoice in his name
 No more the believer
 From God shall be torn:
 To save him for ever
 Our Jesus is born.

CCVL

Whitsunday.

- 1 BLESSED God, that once in fi'ry tongues
 Cam'st down in open view,
 Come, visit ev'ry heart that longs
 To entertain thee too.
- 2 Not for the gift of tongues we pray
 Nor pow'r the sick to heal;
 Give wisdom to direct our way
 And strength to do thy will.
- 3 We pray to be renew'd within,
 And reconcil'd to God;
 To have our conscience wash'd from sin,
 In the Redeemer's blood.
- 4 We pray to have our faith increas'd:
 And, O celestial Dove!
 We pray to be completely blest
 With that rich blessing, love.

CCVII.

Thy Sins be forgiven thee.

- 1 **H**OW high a priv'lege 'tis to know
Our sins are all forgiv'n!
To bear about this pledge below,
This special gift of heav'n!
- 2 To look on this when sunk in fears:
While each repeated sight;
Like some reviving cordial cheers,
And makes temptations light.
- 3 Oh what is honor, wealth, or mirth,
To this well-grounded peace!
How poor are all the goods of earth,
To such a gift as this.
- 4 This is a treasure rich indeed,
Which none but CHRIST can give:
Of this we all do stand in need,
LORD, this I would receive.

CCVIII.

Praying for Relations.

- 1 **Y**OU whose sincere affection tends
To help your dear, ungrateful friends,
That think you foes, or mad, or fools,
Because you fain would save their souls;

2 Tho'

- 2 Tho' deaf to ev'ry warning giv'n,
They scorn to walk with you to heav'n;
But often think, and sometimes say,
They'll never go, if that's the way;
- 3 Tho' they the Spirit of God resist,
Or ridicule your faith in CHRIST;
Tho' they blaspheme, oppose, contemn,
And hate you for your love to them;
- 4 One secret way is left you still
To do them good against their will:
Here they can no obstruction give;
You may do this without their leave.
- 5 Fly to the throne of grace by pray'r,
And pour out all your wishes there;
Effectual fervent pray'r prevails,
When ev'ry other method fails.

CCIX.

We must be Born again.

- 1 **H**EAR the terms that never vary;
"To repent, and to believe".
Both of these are necessary:
Both from JESUS we receive.
Professor! then duly ponder
These, in thine impartial mind:
And ne'er think to put asunder
What the Lord has wisely join'd.

2 Oh! beware of fondly thinking
 God accepts thee for thy tears.
 Are the ship-wreck'd sav'd by sinking?
 Can the ruin'd rise by fears?
 Oh! beware of trust ill-grounded;
 'Tis but fancied faith at most,
 To be cur'd, and not be wounded;
 To be sav'd, before you're lost.

3 No big words of ready talkers,
 No dry doctrine will suffice,
 Broken hearts, and humble walkers,
 These are dear in Jesu's eyes;
 Tinkling sounds of disputation,
 Naked knowledge all are vain;
 Ev'ry soul that gains salvation,
 Must, and shall be born again.

CCX.

The Wish.

1 IF dust and ashes might presume,
 Great God to talk to thee;
 If in thy presence can be room
 For such a worm as me:
 I humbly would my wish present,
 For wishes I have none;
 All my desires are now content
 To be compris'd in one.

2 The single gift I would intreat
 Is, to be led by thee,
 To gaze upon thy bloody sweat
 In sad Gethsamane.

To

To view (as I could bear at least)
Thy tender broken heart;
Like a rich olive, bruise'd and prest
With agonizing smart.

3 There musing on thy matchless love,
I always would remain;
Or but to Golgotha remove,
And thence return again:
In each dear place the same rich scene
Should ever be renew'd;
No object else should intervene,
And all my soul should love.

4 For this one favor oft I've sought,
And if this one be giv'n,
I seek on earth no happier lot,
And hope the like in heav'n:
LORD, pardon what I ask amiss,
For knowledge I have none;
I do but humbly speak my wish,
O let thy will be done.

CCXI.

PSALM lxxiii. 28.

1 AS when a child secure of harms
Hangs at the mother's breast,
Safe folded in her anxious arms
Receiving food and rest

And

And while through many a painful path,
 The trav'ling parent speeds;
 The fearless babe, with passive faith,
 Lies still, and yet proceeds.

- 2 Should some short start his quiver break,
 He fondly strives to fling
 His little arms about her neck,
 And seems to closer cling;
 Poor child-maternal love alone
 Preserves thee first and last;
 Thy parents arms, and not thy own,
 Are those that hold thee fast.

- 3 So souls that would to Jesus cleave,
 And hear his secret call;
 Must ev'ry fair pretension leave,
 And let the LORD be *all*.
 "Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep,"
 The shepherd softly cries;
 LORD, tell me, what 'tis close to keep?
 The list'ning sheep replies.

- 4 "Thy whole dependence on me fix,
 "Nor entertain a thought,
 "Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix,
 "But venture to be *nought*.
 "Fond self-direction is a shelf;
 "Thy strength, thy wisdom flee;
 "When thou art *nothing* in thyself,
 "Thou then art close to me."

CCXII.

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

1 **I AM**, saith **CHRIST**, the way.
Now, if we credit him,
All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.

2 I am, saith **CHRIST**, the truth.
Then all that lacks this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lye at best.

3 I am, saith **CHRIST**, the life.
Let this be seen by faith,
It follows, without further strife,
That all besides is death.

4 If what those words aver,
The **HOLY GHOST** apply:
The simplest Christian shall not err,
Nor be deceiv'd, nor die.

CCXIII.

And the LORD shut him in.

1 **WHEN** *Noah*, with the happy few,
Was order'd to embark;
Eight human souls, a little crew,
Enter'd on board his ark.

2 Tho'

- 2 Tho' ev'ry part he might secure,
With bar, or bolt, or pin;
To make the preservation sure,
Jehovah shut him in.
- 3 The waters then might swell their tides;
The billows rage and roar;
They could not stave in assaulted sides,
Nor burst the batter'd door.
- 4 So souls, that do in Christ believe,
Quickened by vital faith;
Eternal life at once receive,
And never shall see death.
- 5 In Christ their ark they safely ride,
Not wreck'd by death nor sin;
How is it they so fast abide?
The Lord hath shut them in.

CCXIV.

A general Admonition.

- 1 BRETHREN, why toil ye thus for toys,
And reckon trash for treasure;
Call gay deceptions solid joys,
Intoxication pleasure?
- 2 If more refin'd amusement please,
As knowledge, arts or learning;
A moment puts an end to these,
And sometime shows the warning.

- 3 What balm could sinners ever find
In wit, to heal affliction?
Or who can cure a troubled mind,
With all the pomp of diction?
- 4 Reflect, what trifles ye pursue,
So anxious and so heedful;
For after all (you'll find it true)
There is but *one thing needful*.
- 5 The chief concern of fall'n mankind,
Should be to gain God's favor;
What safety can the sinner find,
Before he finds a *Savior*?
- 6 Then *kiss the Son*: for from God's wrath
No wisdom can deliver;
Close in with *Christ*, by saving faith,
And God's your friend for ever.

CCXV.

CHRIST'S Ascension.

1 **N**OW for a theme of thankful praise,
To tune my feeble tongue!
Christians, your hearts and voices raise,
And join the joyful song.

2 The Lord's ascended up on high,
Beyond all earthly bounds;
And shouts of vict'ry rend the sky,
While heav'n with joy resounds.

- 3 See from the regions of the dead,
Thro' all th' etherial plains;
The powers of darkness captive led,
The dragon dragg'd in chains.
- 4 Y' eternal gates your leaves unfold,
Receive the conqu'ring king;
Ye angels strike your harps of gold,
And saints triumphant sing.
- 5 Sinners, rejoice! he died for you;
For you prepares a place:
Sends down his Spirit to guide you through,
With ev'ry gift and grace.
- 6 His blood which did your sin atone,
For your salvation pleads;
And seated on his FATHER'S throne,
He reigns, and intercedes.

CCXVI.

The Day of Judgment.

- 1 **A** WAKE, ye sleeping souls, awake,
And hear the God of Israel speak:
His word is faithful, firm, and true,
Sinners, attend! he speaks to you.
- 2 " Mercy and vengeance in me dwell;
" One lifts to heav'n: one casts to hell;
" My favors more than life; my wrath,
" Will burn beyond the bounds of death."

- 3 Short is the space and death must come;
And after death the day of doom:
When quick and dead the Judge shall call,
And deal their just deserts to all.
- 4 Fix'd in their everlasting state,
Cou'd men repent, 'twere then too late;
Justice has bolted mercy's door;
And God's long-suffering is no more.
- 5 'Tis now the gospel-message sent
Command repentance now repent:
Wisely be warn'd, to refuge run,
Obey the FATHER, kiss the SON.
- 6 In CHRIST receive the gift of God,
Complete redemption thro' his blood;
Mercy triumphant: sin forgiv'n,
And everlasting life in heav'n.

CCXVII.

Backsliders.

- 1 **D**ESERTERS, to the camp return;
Resume your former post;
Bewail your crimes, your balenc's mourn,
For yet ye are not lost.
- 2 Your's is a sad, a dang'rous case,
Be humble, and repent;
Mercy you'll find, tho' e'er so base,
The moment you relent.

3 Sinner's

3 Sinners are sav'd by **Issu's blood**,
How vile see'er they be,
Eternal life's the gift of **God**,
And gifts are always **free**.

4 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which any man hath done,
But **God** has sent his **Son** to bless,
Return, and kiss the **Son**.

CCXVIII.

CHRIST'S Resurrection.

CHRISTIANS, dismiss your fear;
Let hope and joy succeed;
The great good news with gladness hear,
The LORD is risen.
The shades of death withdrawn,
His eyes their beams display;
So wakes the sun when rosy dawn,
Unbars the gates of day,
The promise is fulfill'd;
Salvation's work is done;
Justice with mercy reconcil'd,
And **God** has rais'd his **Son**,
He quits the dark abode,
From all corruption free;
The holy, harmless **Son** of **God**,
Could no corruption see.

3 Angels with saints above,
The rising cong'ror sing;
And all the blisful seats of love
With loud hosanna's ring;
Ye pilgrims too below,
Your hearts and voices raise
Let ev'ry breast with gladness glow,
Let ev'ry mouth sing praise.

4 My soul, thy SAVIOR, laud,
Who all thy sorrows bore :
Who dy'd for sin; but lives to God;
And lives to die no more.
His death procur'd thy peace;
His resurrection's thine;
Believe; receive the full release;
'Tis sign'd with blood divine.

Pray without ceasing.

1 **PRAY'R** was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.

2 The Christian's heart his pray'r inclines,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The SPIRIT his petition writes,
And CHRIST receives, and gives it in.

And

- 3 And shall we in dead silence lie,
When CHRIST stands waiting for our pray'r?
My soul thou hast a friend on high,
Arise, and try thy int'rest there.
- 4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee; *pray*.
- 5 Depend on CHRIST: thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not—his merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

CCXX.

Every Creature at God's Command.

- 1 **E**LIYAH's example declares
Whatever distress may betide,
The saints may commit all their cares
To him who will always provide,
When rain long withheld from the earth
Occasion'd a famine of bread,
The prophet, secur'd from the dearth,
By ravens was constantly fed.
- 2 More likely to rob than to feed,
Were ravens who live upon prey,
But where the LORD's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way.

This

This instance to those may seem strange,
Who know not how faith can prevail;
But sooner all nature shall change,
Than one of God's promises fail.

3 Nor is it a singular case;
The wonder is often renew'd;
And many can say to God's praise,
By ravens he sendeth them food.
Thus worldlings, tho' ravens indeed,
Tho' greedy and selfish their mind,
If God has a servant to feed,
Against their own wills can be kind.

4 Thus satan, the raven unclean,
That croaks in the ears of the saints,
O'er rul'd by a power unseen,
Administers oft to their wants:
God teaches them how to find food,
From all the temptations they feel;
This raven, who thirsts for my blood,
Has help'd me to many a meal.

5 How safe and how happy are they
Who on the good shepherd rely!
He'll give them out strength for their day,
Their wants he will surely supply.
He ravens and lions can tame;
All creatures obey his command;
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

CCXXI.

Salvation to the LAMB.

1 **P**OOOR sinner, come! cast off thy fear,
And raise thy drooping head:
Come! sing with guilty sinners here
Jesus, who once was dead.
Salvation sing: no word more meet
To join to Jesus name:
Let ev'ry thankful tongue repeat,
Salvation to the LAMB.

2 Saints, from the garden to the cross,
Your conqu'ring LORD pursue;
Who dearly to redeem your loss,
Groan'd, bled, and died for you:
Now reigns victorious over death,
The glorious great I AM;
Let ev'ry soul repeat with faith,
Salvation to the LAMB.

3 When we incur'd the wrath of God,
(Alas! what could we worse?)
He came and with his precious blood
Redeem'd us from the curse:
This paschal LAMB, our heav'nly meat,
Was roasted in the flame:
Repeat, ye ransom'd souls repeat,
Salvation to the LAMB.

CCXXII.

The New Year.

1 **A**S the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find,
 As the light'ning from the skies
 Darts and leaves no trace behind;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upwards LORD, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

2 Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view.
 Bless the word to young and old;
 Fill us with a SAVIOR's love;
 And when the tale of life is told,
 Let us dwell with thee above.

CCXXIII.

Another.

1 **T**HE LORD of earth and sky,
 The GOD of ages praise!
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Antient of endless days;
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found!
Yet did he us in mercy spare,
Another and another year.

3 When justice bar'd the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our LORD
Cry'd "let it still alone".
The FATHER mild inclin'd his ear,
And spar'd us yet another year.

3 JESUS, thy precious blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo! we see another year.

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let some gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound:
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

CCXXIV.

Whitsunday.

1 GRANTED is the SAVIOR's pray'r,
Now descends the COMFORTER;
Open wide our hearts to prove,
All the pow'rs of life and love.

2 Come

- 2 Come divine and peaceful guest,
Enter now each waiting breast;
HOLY GHOST, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel-fire.
- 3 Come, and wake these hearts of earth,
Wake us into second birth;
Now thy quick'ning influence give,
Breathe! O breathe! dry bones shall live.
- 4 Bid our sin and sorrow cease,
Fill us with thy heav'nly peace;
Joy divine we then shall prove,
Light of truth, and fire of love.

CCXXV.

Another.

- 1 O Come, dear LORD, thyself reveal,
And let the promise now take place!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word of grace!
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer
By sending down the COMFORTER!
- 2 O visit now the troubled breast,
And now relieve our sad complaint;
Give us this holy peaceful guest,
That we no more may droop, or faint!
No never more his absence moan,
Never say, our COMFORTER's gone!

- 3 Give then, O LORD, into each heart
This blessed holy heav'nly guide!
O might we meet and never part!
For ever in our hearts abide!
There keep his house of praise and pray'r,
And rest, and reign for ever—there!

CCXXVI.

Salvation by CHRIST alone.

- 1 **H**OW can ye hope, deluded souls,
To see what none e'er saw,
Salvation by the works obtain'd
Of Sinai's fiery law?
- 2 There ye may weep, and toil, and fast;
And vex your heart with pain;
And when ye've ended, find at last
That all your toil was vain.
- 3 That law but makes your guilt abound
Sad help! and (what is worst)
All souls, that under *that* are found,
By God himself are curst.
- 4 This curse pertains to those who break
One precept e'er so small,
And where's the man, in thought of deed,
That has not broken all?
- 5 Fly then, awaken'd sinners, fly;
Your case admits no stay;
The fountain's open'd now for sin;
Come, wash your guilt away.

- 6 See how from JEsu's wounded side,
The water flows, and blood !
If you but touch that purple tide,
Your peace is made with God.
- 7 Only by faith in JEsus wounds,
The sinner gets release :
No other sacrifice for sin
Will God accept but this.

CCXXVII.

Beware of Satan's Devices.

- 1 " I Want no work within, (says one)
" 'Tis all in **CHRIST** the head"
Thus careless he goes blindly on,
And trusts a faith that's dead.
- 2 " 'Tis dangerous (another cries)
" To trust to faith alone:
" **CHRIST**'s righteousness will not suffice,
" Except I add my own".
- 3 And thus, that something he may do
To shun the impending curse,
Upon the old will patch the new,
And make the ~~new~~ still worse.
- 4 Others affirm the **SPIR**'t of God,
To true believers giv'n,
Makes all their thoughts and acts so good,
They're always fit for heav'n.

5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares
To catch the wand'ring heart;
And seldom do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.

6 Do then, O Lord, direct my heart
To trust thee for the whole;
The work of grace in all its parts,
Acomplish in my soul.

7 Thy HOLY SPIRIT in me breathe,
A perfect SAVIOR prove;
O give me faith, and let that faith,
Work all thy will by love.

CCXXVIII

CHRIST'S Nativity.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born king!
Peace on earth! for thro' this child
God's with sinners reconcil'd.

2 Joyful then ye sinners rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
Sinners rise and worship him,
Who was born at Bethlehem.

3 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
See our dear Redeemer here,
Pleas'd as man with men to appear.

4 Hail

- 4 Hail the heav'n born prince of peace,
Hail the sun of righteousness!
Light, and life around he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
- 5 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
- 6 Come, thou dear IMMANUEL, come,
Fix in us thy heav'nly home;
Rise the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
- 7 Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thy image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Fill us with thy heav'nly love.

CCXXIX.

Another.

- 1 **SINNERS**, hear, how angels sing!
What joyful news t' day they bring!
CHRIST the LORD is born to day,
CHRIST, who takes our sins away,
Him shall all his people see,
And rejoice eternally.
- 2 Raise your hearts and voices high,
With hosannas fill the sky;

Glory be to God above!

God is infinite in love!

Angels join with us in praise,

Help us sing redeeming grace.

3 Now the wall is broken down,

Now the glorious gospel's known,

Now the door is open wide,

CHRIST for sinners freely dy'd;

All who for redemption groan,

May be sav'd by faith alone.

4 JESUS is the lovely name,

This the angel doth proclaim:

He shall all his people save,

They in him remission have;

They shall all be born again,

And with him in glory reign.

CCXXX

The Resurrection of CHRIST.

1 **T**HE sun of righteousness appears,

To set in blood no more;

Adore the LIGHT, dispersing fears,

Your rising God adore.

2 The saints, when CHRIST resign'd his breath,

Unclos'd their sleeping eyes;

He breaks again the bands of death,

Again the dead arise.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod;
He dy'd and suffer'd as a man,
He rises as a God.

4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Our Jesus, he will rise;
And break the gates of death and hell,
And open Paradise.

CCXXXI.

Another.

1 LOVE's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

2 Lives again our glorious king,
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he dy'd our souls to save,
Now he triumphs o'er the grave.

3 What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents fall;
Second life we now receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.

4 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n:
Thee we greet, triumphant now,
Hail the Resurrection—thou!

- 5 King of glory ! soul of bliss !
Everlasting life is this —
Thee to know — thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

CCXXXII.

CHRIST'S Ascension.

- 1 **A**RISE ! and shout, believers all,
Praise our God who's ALL in ALL !
Lift up your voice, sound his praise !
Triumph in redeeming grace !
- 2 JESUS is gone up on high,
Resumes his seat above th' sky :
Shout the angel-choirs aloud,
Echoing to th' trump of God.
- 3 Believers, now the triumph join,
Praise him with the hosts divine ;
Join ye now, the heav'nly powers,
Their victorious LORD is *ours*.
- 4 Praise our God enthron'd above,
Trumpet forth his conqu'ring love ;
Praises to our Jesus sing,
Praises to our glorious king !
- 5 Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n,
Pow'r o'er hell, and earth, and heav'n ;
JESUS — pow'r to us impart,
Then we'll praise with all our heart.

CCXXXIII.

Another.

- 1 **S**EE how the conqueror mounts aloft!
See how our Jesus flies!
See how he enters now the gates,
And triumphs in the skies.
- 2 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus now is seated on
The great celestial throne.
- 3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of our songs,
To our ascended God.
- 4 Bright angels strike their loudest strings,
Their sweetest voices raise;
So we, and all created things,
Will sound IMMANUEL's praise.

CCXXXIV.

CHRIST'S Intercession.

- 1 **H**ARK! the REDEEMER's gone
To appear before our God,
To spread before the FATHER's throne
His all-atoning blood.

2 No fi'ry vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice calls for sinners blood,
The SAVIOR thews his own.

3 And now above the sky,
Our humble suit he moves;
The FATHER lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Then let our joyful tongues
JEHOVAH'S honors sing:
JESUS our priest presents our songs,
And bears them to the king.

CCXXXV.

CHRIST'S Sufferings.

1 LOVE amazing! so to mind us,
SHEPHERD come from heav'n to find us,
Silly sheep all gone astray,
Lost undone, by our transgressions,
Worse than stript of all possessions,
Debtors, without hope to pay.

2 Fear our portion, slaves in spirit,
CHRIST redeem'd us by his merit
To glorious liberty:
Dearly first his goodness bought us,
Truth and love then sweetly taught us,
Truth and love hath made us free!

- 3 Blessed be the pow'r who gave us,
 Freely gave his Son to save us,
 Bless'd the Son who freely came:
 Honor, blessing, adoration,
 Ever from the whole creation,
 Be to God and to the LAMB.

CCXXXVI.

- 1 **H**EARTS of stone, relent, relent!
 View the cross of CHRIST our God!
 See his sacred body rent,
 Cover'd with a gore of blood!
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
 Murder'd God's beloved Son!

- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
 Drove the nails that fix'd him there,
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
 Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear,
 Made his soul a sacrifice;
 For a sinful world he dies.

- 3 Shall we let him die in vain?
 Still to death pursue our God?
 Open tear his wounds again,
 Trample on his precious blood:
 Teach us with our sins to part,
 Jesus give a broken heart.

Bless'd

CCXXXVII.

CCXXXVII.

PSALM cxlii. 3.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the CREATOR's praise arise;
Let the REDEEMER's name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, LORD,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

CCXXXVIII.

The Second Advent.

- 1 **L**O! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah! M
Hallelujah! Amen.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in awful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd, and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true MESSIAH see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!

Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption long expected,
See! in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints by fools rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!

See the day of God appear.

5 Yea! amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
SAVIOR, take the pow'r and glory:
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! come, LORD, come!

CCXXXIX.

Thanksgiving.

1 **M**EET and right it is to sing
Glory to our God and King:
Meet in ev'ry time and place,
To rehearse his truth and grace.

2 Join ye saints the song aroned,
Angels help the joyful sound;
Sing we now with sweet accord,
Glory to th' eternal God.

3 Praise

- 3 Praises here to thee we give,
Gracious thou our thanks receive;
Holy, Father, sov'reign Lord,
Ev'ry where be thou ador'd.
- 4 Tho' th' injurious world exclaim,
Sing we still in Jesu's name;
SAVIOR, thee we ever bless,
Thee our Lord, and God confess.

CCXLII

Providential and special Goodness.

- 1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly Father;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his goodness shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes the creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind to thy weak passions, Lord,
How slow thy anger moves;
How soon he sends the pard'ning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

- 5 Creatures, with all their num'rous race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

CCXLI.

Christian Fellowship.

- 1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

- 3 Help us to help each other on;
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

- 4 Help us to build each other up;
Our little flock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

- 5 Then, when the blessed work is wrought,
Receive the ready bride;
Give us in heav'n a happier lot,
With all the sanctified.

CCXLII.

Praise to CHRIST.

- 1 **C**OME, let us all unite to praise
The SAVIOR of mankind;
Our thankful hearts, in solemn lays,
Be with our voices join'd.
- 2 **H**ow shall dust his worth declare,
When angels try in vain;
Their faces veil when they appear
Before the SON OF MAN!
- 3 **O** LORD, we cannot silent be,
By love we are constrain'd
To offer our best thanks to thee—
Our SAVIOR and our friend!
- 4 **T**ho' feeble are our best essays,
Thy love will not despise
Our grateful songs of humble praise,
Our well-meant sacrifice.
- 5 **L**et ev'ry tongue thy goodness shew,
And spread abroad thy fame;
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name.
- 6 **W**orship, and honor, thanks and love,
Be to our JESUS giv'n!
By men below—by hosts above—
By all in earth and heav'n!

CCXLIII.

EPHES. iii. 17, &c.

- 1 **C**OME JESUS, come descend and dwell
By faith, and love, in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, thro' CHRIST his SON!

CCXLIV.

Offices of CHRIST.

- 1 **A**RRAY'D in mortal flesh,
Our great REDEEMER stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:
Commission'd from
His FATHER's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.

2 Be

2 Be thou our counsellor,
Our pattern and our guide!
And thro' this wilderness,
Still keep us near thy side!

O let our feet

Ne'er run affray,
Nor rove, nor seek
Another way!

3 We love our shepherd's voice,
Whose watchful eye will keep
Poor weakling souls among
His num'rous flocks of sheep:

He feeds his flock,

He knows their names,

His bosom bears

His tender lambs.

4 To this dear surety's hands,

I would commend my cause;

He answers and fulfils

JEHOVAH'S broken laws:

Believing souls

Now free are set;

For CHRIST hath paid,

Their dreadful debt.

5 Then let our souls arise,

And tread the tempter down;

Our captain leads us forth

To conquest and a crown.

March on! nor fear

To win the day,

Tho' death and hell

Obstruct the way.

CCXLV.

Adoring CHRIST.

1 **B**RETHREN, let us join to bless
 JESUS CHRIST, our righteousness,
 Let our praise to him be giv'n,
 Now at God's right hand in heav'n.

2 JESUS, see! to thee we bow,
 Thou art LORN, and only thou;
 Thou the blessed virgin's seed,
 Glory of thy church, and head.

3 Thee, the angels ceaseless sing,
 Thee we praise, our God and King,
 Worthy is thy name of praise,
 Full of glory, full of grace.

4 We, thy little flock, would bring
 Thee our souls, and joyful sing!
 Sing for ever of thy love,
 Sing with all below—above.

CCXLVI.

Morning or Evening.

1 **O** God, how endless is thy love!
 Thy gifts are, ev'ry ev'ning new;
 And morning mercies from above,
 Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great guardian of our sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 LORD, may we bow to thy command!
To thee still consecrate our days!
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

CCXLVII.

Funeral Hymn, for a Believer.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to Jesus on high!
Another is enter'd his rest,
Another is gone to the sky,
And lodg'd in IMMANUEL's breast;
The soul of our brother is gone
To heighten the triumph above,
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
Exalted by Jesus's love!
- 2 How happy the angels that fall
Transported at Jesus's name!
The saints whom he soonest shall call
To share in the feast of the LAMB!
No longer imprison'd in clay,
Who next from his dungeon shall fly?
Who first shall be summon'd away?
My merciful God—Is it I?

3 O Jesus! if this be thy will,
That suddenly I should depart,
Thy counsel no mercy reveal,
And whisper the call to my heart;
O give me a signal to know,
If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions above.

CCXLVIII.

I will have Mercy.

1 A DIEU, all ye vanishing toys!
Earth—take thy deceptions away!
Wealth, pleasure, ambition, and noise,
No more I your dictates obey.
EMMANUEL comes from above,
And lays all his glory aside;
On pinions of covenant love,
He hastens to ransom his bride.

2 Behold! in a body of clay
Our gracious Redeemer appears,
The claims of mount Sinai to pay,
And cancel our awful arrears;
To solve the enormous account,
And give satisfaction in full;
He clears off the total amount,
And makes our offences as wool.

3 Come, then, ye free-willers, and see,
Self-righteousness utterly fails;
Our works, what a bubble they be,
When balanc'd in justice's scales!

The work of our Jesus who dy'd,
Alone can fulfill her demand;
His cross turns the scale on our side,
And, lo, the sword drops from her hand.

- 4 Oh! Jesus, my SAVIOR and God,
My righteousness, ransom, and king!
I'd feel the sweet pow'r of thy blood,
Till time does eternity bring;
And then with the angels above,
And millions of saints from below,
I'll sing of thine infinite love,
While ages eternally flow.

CCXLIX.

ISAAH liii. 6.

- 1 **A**RISE my soul; with wonder see,
What love divine for thee hath done,
Behold thy sorrow, sin, and grief,
Are laid on God's eternal Son.
- 2 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love, such sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so bright a crown?
- 3 Where the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Self Dedication

- 1 **FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,**
ONE IN THREE, and THREE IN ONE.
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done!
 Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
 Glorious LORD of earth and heav'n!
- 2 If so poor a worm as I
 May to thy great glory live;
 All mine actions sanctify,
 All my thoughts and words receive!
 Claim me for thy service, claim
 All I have, and all I am!
- 3 Take my soul and body's pow'rs,
 Take my mem'ry, mind, and will,
 All my goods, and all mine hours,
 All I know, and all I feel,
 All I think, and speak and do,
 Take my heart—but make it new!
- 4 **FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,**
ONE IN THREE, and THREE IN ONE.
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done!
 Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
 Glorious LORD of earth and heav'n!

GLORIA

G L O R I A P A T R I.

1 O FATHER of heaven! be ever ador'd!
Thy mercy we find, in sending our
LORD, [praise,
To ransom and bless us; thy goodness we
For sending in Jesus salvation by grace.

2 O SON of his love! who deign'dst to die,
Our curse to remove, our pardon to buy;
Accept our thanksgiving, almighty to save,
Who openest heav'n to all that believe.

3 O SPIRIT of love, of health and of pow'r!
Thy working we prove; thy grace we adore,
Whose inward revealing applies our LORD's
blood,
Attesting and sealing us children of God.

D O X O L O G I E S.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST;
One God whom we adore;
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Glory, honor, praise and power,
Be unto the LAMB for ever;
JESUS CHRIST is our REDEEMER,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise the LORD

F I N I S.

